

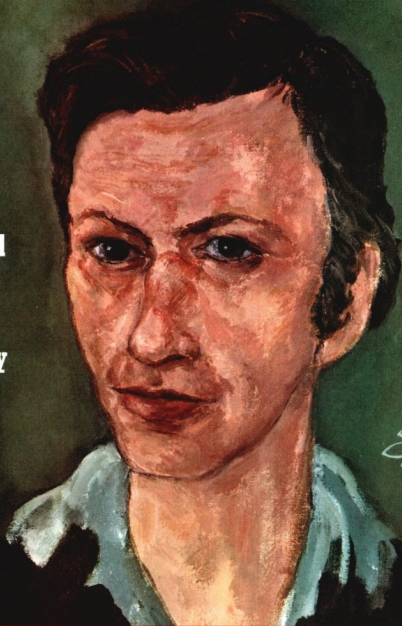
FIFTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 21, 1972

CON MAN OF THE YEAR

TIME

**Clifford
Irving
by
Elmyr
de Hory**



Special Section: A Guide to Nixon's China

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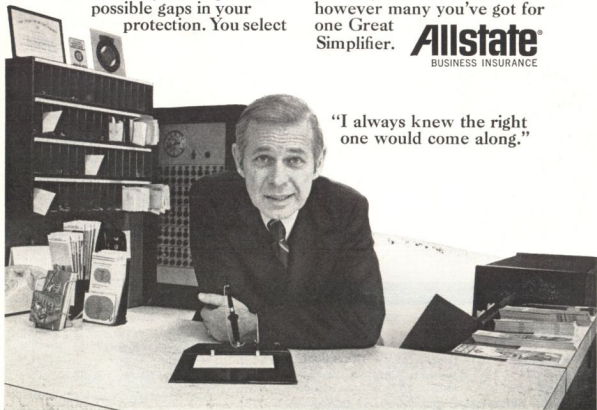
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

AS the Howard Hughes-Clifford Irving investigation continued to twist like a whodunit written on a helix, the editors realized that a cover story on Irving was in the offing. Which artist should paint the portrait? The ideally ironic choice seemed to be Elmyr de Hory, Irving's neighbor on the Balearic isle of Ibiza and the subject of *Fake!*, Irving's book about a master art forger.

On Feb. 5, word went to Correspondent Roger Beardwood in Brussels to commission the painting. "There were only two problems," recalls Beardwood. "I didn't know where De Hory was, and the portrait had to be in New York as soon as possible."

De Hory had fled Ibiza and the invading newsmen for a quieter locale, so Beardwood began calling mutual acquaintances throughout Europe. An hour later, he learned that the artist was staying at the home of friends in London. A call there disclosed that De Hory was out playing baccarat. Reached the next morning, he agreed to do the cover. Because it was Sunday, art-supply shops were closed, and he could not begin until the next day.

"Working from his recollections of Irving and from photographs," says Beardwood, "Elmyr sat in a bathroom in his friends' house with the canvas propped unsteadily on a chair. He chose acrylic paints, which he had never used before, because they are quick-drying." Working at an extraordinary pace, De Hory finished in time for the picture to be flown to New York by the middle of last week. Of the style he employed, De Hory says: "There's just a touch of Modigliani there. The mood is somber, and the eyes are cold—the eyes of that calculating side to his nature that Cliff tries to hide."

The fact that Irving had less and less to hide as the days passed assured De Hory's work its place on this week's cover. The man who chipped away at the writer's secrets was Frank McCulloch, New York Bureau chief. Previously, McCulloch had been the first to learn (along with one other reporter) that Edith Irving was

ROGER BEARDWOOD



DE HORY WITH HIS IRVING PORTRAIT

"Helga Hughes." The next discovery was that Nina van Pallandt would debunk part of Irving's story. Last week it was McCulloch alone who uncovered the sources for the core of Irving's manuscript. One friend of Irving's compared McCulloch to "Ahab, going after the white whale, holding on, holding on, like it's his last great moment." McCulloch's latest findings went to Associate Editor Lance Morrow, who has chronicled the Hughes saga from our cover story of Jan. 24 through this week's article. It would be unfair to poach on Morrow's terrain by telling more here. After all, the tale, as Morrow says, "is a detective yarn that has everything."



FRANK MCCULLOCH

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LETTERS

Mocking Tyranny

Sir / Here is one WASP who sat up too late, his imagination captured by your story on Flip Wilson [Jan. 31].

It has been proved that the best way to defeat tyranny is to mock it. With mockery Wilson may yet depose the tyranny of racism.

RICHARD P. PETTY
Plainview, Minn.

Sir / Long live the clown! He conducts a symphony with perfection of tempo, theme variation and delicate shading of tone. Laughter is music. Play on, Maestro Flip! Play your tunes, play your roles, and play to the children in us.

LISA SCHATTMEYER
Kent, Ohio

Sir / What is universal about Flip Wilson is not his humor but his blackness. He does not transcend blackness, he just works in it. Whoever you are and whatever your race, when he makes you laugh, it's because he is showing you something that you instinctively have and are instinctively keeping alive—that touch of blackness that forces you to triumph over a world that insists you lose.

What you're getting is what you see—in this, Flip Wilson cannot have had any "white mentor."

(MRS.) MARY LUIS SMALL
Department of African and
Afro-American Studies
Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

Sir / Flip Wilson is living proof that the average black is no different from the average white: they are both equally inane and vulgar.

JAMES IRONS
Hollywood

Turning to the Sea

Sir / After reading the fine article on the Soviet navy [Jan. 31], I must take issue with your closing comment concerning "such traditionally old-fashioned objects as naval ships." I think that statement helps perpetuate the American people's appalling lack of understanding of the importance of the sea and seapower to our country.

The ability to range over 75% of the world's surface without offense to other governments and yet to be able to project power over continental land masses without dependence on the land is an asset heretofore unique to our country. As America and the world turn to the sea for life, all ships assume an importance far greater than their physical size or the number of men in them. Our legislators, instead of cutting back our Navy, should examine more closely our priorities at sea.

JOHN M. YUNKER
Lieutenant, U.S.N.
Pensacola, Fla.

Sir / The question of the survival of our aircraft carriers in the event of war would not be whether they would survive the first blow, but rather how many seconds they would take to sink. The Russian guided-missile cruisers constantly shadowing U.S. carriers in the Mediterranean make those ships the "sitting ducks" the Russians call them. I agree with Brigadier Hunt's analysis that our Navy is sec-

ond-rate; it is old and outgunned. A World War II Navy cannot maintain the peace in the 1970s and '80s.

MAURICE G. WEINBERG
Philadelphia

Supporting Married Couples

Sir / As a bachelor, I have little sympathy for the married McGraths' complaint about their taxes [Jan. 31]. I've been supporting married couples for years by paying a disproportionate share of income taxes. I've been educating their kids, too, with property taxes. And I'll be footing the bill for their vacation. Married couples flying together have a cheaper rate than singles. It's time marrieds started paying their own way.

VENLO WOLFSOHN
Bethesda, Md.

Sir / I wish to congratulate Mrs. Kathryn McGrath for the letter she wrote to Wilbur Mills. The home is the pillar of American society, and it is this type of law-making in the past few years that has been gnawing away at the very foundation of the home.

FRANCIS ENRIGHT
Monterey Park, Calif.

Women at Annapolis

Sir / The joke of women applying to become midshipmen at Annapolis [Jan. 31] has gone far enough. The programs at Annapolis, West Point and the Air Force Academy combine intensive study with near-brutal physical and psychological

pressures. The cadets must serve their time in dangerous and unpleasant duties on submarines or destroyers, or in cold, muddy foxholes under fire for days and nights on end. Nowhere in the history of the human race is there evidence that women excel as leaders under such conditions. Perhaps, in the pushbutton nuclear warfare of the future, women will be able to serve as well as men. But until we know for sure, let's not let them destroy our service academies.

ALBERT S. HUSTER
Wyckoff, N.J.

Sir / Although equality and equal opportunity are among the highest American ideals, they are not always possible.

Annapolis is not Yale or Princeton. Its purpose is not to produce doctors or translators for the State Department, but to train combat officers for the Navy and Marine Corps. To the best of my knowledge, there are no women serving in this capacity now, and there are not likely to be any in the near future.

EDWARD F. MC DONALD
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Sir / Revisions will have to be made in the regulations prescribing acceptable lengths of eyebrows, lashes and plebe (freshman) haircuts. Perhaps the best solution would be to revert to the queens worn by seamen in the old days of sailing ships.

THOMAS B. CONGDON
Greenwich, Conn.

Sir / Senators who appoint female nominees to the U.S. Naval Academy should be cognizant of the old adage "Don't make WAVes."

JOHN R. EVARD, M.D.
Providence

Apples and Grapes

Sir / "Vasectomy: Pro and Con" [Jan. 31] compares apples with grapes. The study quoted from Family Service-Travelers Aid deals with a select population of troubled marriages, while the Midwest Population Center study involves couples where the man has recently had a vasectomy. These groups are obviously not comparable.

It also seems doubtful that all vasectomies should be preceded by psychiatric evaluation. Careful preoperative interviewing of both the husband and wife should reveal the family's motivations and their psychosexual health. A psychiatric consultation may be required in a small number of cases.

DENNIS A. BROWN, M.D.
West Point, N.Y.

Neanderthals

Sir / As a reporter for a New Hampshire newspaper, I can attest to the fact that the 19th century is alive and well in this retrograde poverty pocket of America.

The people here have in William Loeb, publisher of the Manchester Union Leader [Jan. 31], the personification of the kind of journalism that best mirrors their largely "Neanderthal" outlook. Loeb has no insight—he merely reflects the sad truth.

BURTON W. KEIMACH
Portsmouth, N.H.

Sir / TIME, by ignoring Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty as a Democratic presidential candidate, is just as bad as you

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LETTERS

claim Mr. Loeb is. While you imply that Yorty receives more coverage in Mr. Loeb's paper than do other candidates, that is not exactly true. Several other candidates have already expressed pleasure with the coverage given them by Loeb's *Union Leader*.

THOMAS D. JARDINE
Executive Assistant and
News Secretary
Office of the Mayor
Los Angeles

Sir / As president of the state University of New Hampshire, I know how long the university has been the target of William Loeb's grotesque journalism and childish abuse. He has done all he could to destroy the effectiveness of the university and its faculty.

Though the campus at Durham was perhaps the quietest in the nation during the tense years from 1968 to 1970, Loeb manufactured a sense of crisis over alleged radicalism on the campus.

On my appointment as president last spring, Loeb's paper concocted a 25,000-word series of distortions, untruths and quotations taken out of context.

Though the newspaper is universally distrusted by thinking people in the state, it succeeds nonetheless in eroding confidence in leaders and institutions by its daily diet of innuendo, half-truth and venom.

Only a new coalition of forces aimed at restoring decency and fair play to the life of the state can bring the Loeb era to its richly deserved end.

THOMAS N. BONNER
President
University of New Hampshire
Durham, N.H.

Striking Back

Sir / The necktie is not only the most useless item of apparel (Jan. 31); it is also the most uncomfortable—a constant noose around a man's neck. The ladies are welcome to "strike back" as much as they wish.

Let's see them with jackets, collars and ties at work or leisure, whenever "jackets and ties are required." Actually, of course, women have too much sense for anything like that.

I don't think ties should be abolished—only the requirement that *all men* wear them. Men should have the privilege of free choice, such as wearing a tie, a turle-neck or an open collar.

JAMES M. JOHNSTON
Garden City, N.Y.

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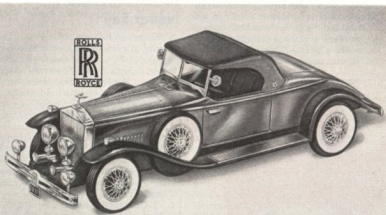
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AMERICAN NOTES

Middle America to Middle Kingdom

Two American Vice Presidents, John Nance Garner in 1935 and Henry Wallace in 1944, made trips to China during their terms in office. Ulysses S. Grant toured Peking, Shanghai and Canton in 1879, two years after he had left the presidency. But no incumbent U.S. President has ever set foot on Chinese soil. This time, the whole world will watch on the tube the beginning of a new era in Sino-American relations—and a triumph for Richard Nixon.

In preparation for the trip (see *THE WORLD*), the President has read voluminously about China. One book that he publicly praised was *Anti-Memoirs*, by France's brilliant literary hero André Malraux. The President invited Malraux to dine at the White House this week, presumably to draw upon his vast experience of China.

Earlier Malraux had suggested that Mao Tse-tung's first question to Nixon would concern economic aid from the "richest nation in the world" to one of the poorest. It did not seem like a very plausible prediction about the proud foe of capitalism. But it fitted in with

Malraux's notion of Mao as expressed in his book. He reminded Malraux both of the old Chinese emperors and "the Old Man of the Mountain." Malraux saw him as a romantic revolutionary talking about the "Sons of the People," much as the old China talked of the "Son of Heaven," yet at the same time as a pragmatist ready to do anything for the greatness of China. "He seems to be struggling simultaneously against the United States, against Russia—and against China," wrote Malraux. "A believer in the revolution, Mao 'is more anxious to make China than to make war.'"

Richard Nixon is certainly not anxious to make war. He may well be ready to help make modern China, since in his perception of a new world balance, this may be both inevitable and in the interests of the U.S. All together, his visit is quite an occasion and quite an opportunity for the emissary of Middle America to the Middle Kingdom.

I Think That I Shall Never See . . .

When archaeologists dig up Los Angeles in a few millenniums, they may be puzzled by some of the fossils they find along a 1.68-mile stretch of Jefferson Boulevard. For there, in a gesture of economy and perhaps utility, Los Angeles County has installed 900 plastic peperomias, pit-tosporums and ti palms, among other flora, to decorate the roadway. The beauty of it, says the county, is that while the plastics cost \$74,504 to install, the ersatz trees will not have to be watered or pruned, and the leaves will not shed.

Of course, as the *Los Angeles Times* said in an editorial, "Neither will they know the seasons, or incline to the breeze, and neither will they delight the eye with their variety. Probably next we will have plastic birds and plastic butterflies, a sort of Madame Tussaud's of nature that recalls what once was, before progress triumphed."

Menu for P.O.W.s

Fads in food and fashion often reflect far less frivolous concerns, sometimes tastefully, as with the craze for uniforms formerly belonging to G.I.s that swept Europe last year, and sometimes innocently, as with the current Sinomania attend-

ing the President's upcoming trip to China. More thought-provoking was a recent front-page article in the *Washington Post's* food section titled "Freeze-Dried Foods—Perfect for P.O.W.s."

Freeze-dried foods, the article chatily advises, should be bought by families of prisoners of war because they are tasty, nutritious and often weigh 90% less than their canned counterparts—an important plus, since Hanoi imposes a 6.6-lb. limit on gift boxes, which sometimes are returned by the North Vietnamese. The article goes on to list such treats as crunchy peanut butter powder, tuna salad, beef amandine and turkey tetrazzini with asparagus. It also lists the places—camping outfitters, sporting goods stores, health-food shops—where they can be bought.

However well-intentioned, there is something sad about working out freeze-dried menus for prisoners of war. Perhaps it is the realization of how completely the war pervades every aspect of American life; that, like it or not, there is nowhere to turn for a momentary respite, not even the pages of the food section.

Equality for Uglies

What better symbol of exploited womanhood than the pulchritudinous office worker of jest and lore? Lustful male chauvinist bosses chase her around desks, jealous wives plot her undoing, and her alleged lack of brains is a national joke. But at least, says *Washington Post* Columnist William Raspberry, she has a job—which is more than can be said for her less well-endowed sisters.

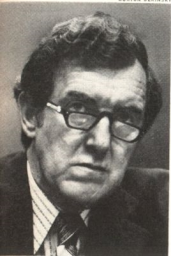
According to Raspberry, discrimination against ugly women ("there's no nice way to say it") is the most persistent and pervasive form of employment discrimination. Men, he argues, face no such bias, except in the movies and in politics. Raspberry's sympathies lie not with the "mere Plain Janes, who can help themselves with a bit of paint and padding," but with the losers, the "real dogs," who supposedly would be working full time if their features were more regular. Such discrimination, he insists, is all the more insidious because no one will admit that it exists. "No personnel officer in his right mind will tell a woman, 'Sorry, lady, but you need a nose job, and your lips don't match.' And a woman so insulted would not be likely to publicize it."

There are, of course, no statistics, vital or otherwise, to support Raspberry's conclusions. But he may be substantially correct in assuming that attractiveness is a measure of employability. The preoccupation with female beauty is one of the complaints of Women's Liberation. The problem is how to overcome this preoccupation. What luck could anyone expect to have in attempting to get ugly women to band together to protect their rights?



CARTOONIST'S VERSION OF MEETING

BURT G. BERLIN



MUSKIE VIEWING NIXON



"Now what were you saying, Senator Muskie?"

THE WAR

Preparing a Political Fallback Position

Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying War against them, or in adhering to their Enemies, giving them aid and comfort.
—U.S. Constitution, Article III, Section 3

THE revived debate about the Vietnam War grew intense and rather nasty last week. Administration acrimony was aimed at all the Democratic presidential contenders who have challenged President Nixon's eight-point peace plan, but especially at the Democratic front runner, Edmund Muskie. To Nixon's chagrin, Muskie had suggested a peace plan that went beyond his own; it would call for a fixed U.S. withdrawal date and urge the Saigon leaders to "move toward a political accommodation with all the elements of their society"—with the implicit threat of a U.S. aid cutoff if Saigon refused.

The most egregious bit of Administration rhetoric was in fact taped before Muskie spelled out his plan, though it appeared only last week. In a *Today* show interview, Presidential Aide H.R. ("Bob") Haldeman charged that Nixon's Democratic opponents favored installing a Communist regime in Saigon; critics of the President's Vietnam proposals, said Haldeman, were "consciously aiding and abetting the enemy of the United States." That language came close to the constitutional definition of treason, and angry Democrats and editorial writers denounced Haldeman. Press Secretary Ron Ziegler told clamoring reporters that Haldeman had been speaking only for himself, which was probably technically true. Haldeman, who is in effect Nixon's chief of staff, is a hard-lining con-

servative and political naïf who is fiercely loyal to the President. "That was just Bob," said one White House aide. "He wasn't programmed."

Perhaps not, but he may as well have been. The Administration felt that it had found a plump target in Muskie's peace plan at a time when the President was still trying to get the North Vietnamese to accept his own proposal. The President's men lined up the guns and pulled the lanyards one by one. Republican National Chairman Bob Dole warned that Muskie's speech announcing his plan "may have greatly damaged the prospects for peace in Vietnam." Herb Klein, the White House communications director, charged that some of the Democrats "seem to parrot Hanoi's line." Repeating a joke he had heard at a Washington Republican fund-raising dinner, Attorney General John Mitchell declared that Muskie was following a Northern strategy—North Viet Nam's, that is, Vice President Agnew said in a TV interview taped for this week: "There has been a definite undermining, even if unintentional, of our position."

Finally, the President himself entered the fray. In a radio speech to the nation presenting his annual State of the World report on foreign policy (see following story), Nixon struck the statesmanlike note, saying that he did not "question the patriotism or the sincerity" of his critics. But he urged them to be careful not to "give the enemy an incentive to prolong the war until after the election." Next day, at a press conference, he was tougher. Said Nixon: "The responsibility for the enemy's failing to negotiate may have to be borne by those who encourage the enemy to

wait until after the election." While the White House insists that the President genuinely worried about the chances for a negotiated peace, Nixon is plainly preparing a political fallback position. Since he pledged in 1968 to end the war, he now wants to be able to blame the Democrats—at least in part—if he does not.

Weighed Words. To be sure, a presidential candidate—especially a pre-convention front runner like Muskie—has an unusual responsibility not to say anything that could imperil the national interest. His words are weighed far more carefully abroad than those of just another Senator, especially if he proposes an alternative to existing policy. On the face of it, there is some merit in Nixon's contention that Hanoi may await the outcome of the 1972 election in hopes that Americans will pick a Democrat who will offer a better deal than Nixon. Says a White House aide: "If I were the enemy, I wouldn't accept the President's offer at least until after November."

But former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, a Muskie adviser, insists that Muskie did not advance his plan until the National Liberation Front "clobbered" Nixon's. Besides, however late Muskie came to his views on the war, they are now well known. Hanoi and the National Liberation Front have had three years to negotiate with Nixon; if they had had any real interest in a settlement, they could have acted long ago. Moreover, contrary to some of the attacks on Muskie, his carefully worded proposal stops far short of selling Saigon down the river.

Muskie responded to the Republican attacks by reciting a litany of

THE NATION

Nixon criticisms of U.S. conduct of the war in 1965 and 1966. "If I am guilty of consciously aiding and abetting the enemy," he said in New Hampshire, "then President Nixon must have been too." Nixon, however, was careful to cite his own record on the war before he took office. He forbore to attack Lyndon Johnson on Viet Nam in 1968, he said, because he feared that he might jeopardize the fledgling negotiations in Paris. In that campaign, Nixon regularly said only that he had a plan to end the war; he never explained what that plan was.

Front Burner. Who gains politically from the battle? The White House is certain that Muskie has hurt himself. Democrats and independents see it differently. The Republican attacks, said Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, "put this issue back on the front burner. What they do also is to build up Muskie." By focusing on Muskie, the Republicans give the Democratic front runner greater prominence; the Administration seems to be treating him as if he were already the nominee. Further, by making Muskie out to be the leading dove, the Republicans have strengthened his position with antiwar voters who might otherwise prefer George McGovern or John Lindsay.

Whatever the domestic political consequences of the confrontation between Nixon and Muskie, there was no cheer last week for anyone who holds out hope for the Paris negotiations. Xuan Thuy, North Viet Nam's delegate to the talks, appeared on a split *Face the Nation* show with Secretary of State William Rogers to denounce Nixon for revealing the secret meetings with Kissinger. Nixon's act, said Thuy, is a "serious obstacle" to an agreement. Thuy's U.S. counterpart, William Porter, canceled this week's Paris session in protest against a three-day anti-American international convocation, called principally by a group of French leftist organizations, at nearby Versailles. Some observers at recent meetings had got the impression that some slight accommodation might be possible, but last week's negotiating session was unusually bitter.

The U.S. had problems with the South as well as the North. The Nixon plan included President Thieu's resignation one month before new elections would be held. Last week Rogers suggested that the U.S. was "quite flexible" on the question of just how far in advance that resignation should take place. This upset Thieu, who had earlier given his full support to Nixon's eight points. An angry Thieu called Rogers' statement "a violation of Vietnamese sovereignty" and asked Washington for clarification. Washington insisted that U.S.-South Viet Nam relations were "excellent." The explanation for Thieu's pique doubtless is that he is just as concerned about his domestic political situation as Nixon is about his.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Nixinger Report

One of man's nobler qualities is his irrepressible drive to apply reason and a sense of order to a world that is stubbornly irrational and untidy. Few official documents illustrate that passion more forcefully than President Nixon's annual State of the World reports. His third, prepared under the rigorous supervision of National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger and released last week, optimistically organizes U.S. foreign policy into manageable problems and fits each specific American move into a grand strategy for achieving "a generation of peace." In 236 pages of clear prose, remarkably free of diplomatic delicacy, the Nixon-Kissinger paper offers a unique guide to how the White House approaches problems as lofty as halting the strategic arms race or as lowly as stopping quarrels over fishing rights.

Much of the report retraces the familiar terrain of the spectacular Nixon initiatives in "the watershed year" of 1971: his historic overture to China, his abrupt shake-up of world monetary and trade policies, his personal summitry with U.S. allies, and the invitation for him to visit Moscow. The personal

CONKLIN

settlement in Viet Nam was the Administration's most serious failure, but blames this on Hanoi.

Unfortunately, the report immediately begins each major section with a Nixon quotation, and arrogantly dismisses the foreign policy of previous Administrations. Before Nixon came along, the U.S. was either "drawn into situations, responding tactically, without a clear perception of where we would end up," or failed to take bold steps of its own because "we had no positive conception of where we wanted to go." But under Nixon, "the United States is once again acting with assurance and purpose on the world stage."

The report also suffers from a lecturer's tone, revealing some obvious truths as intellectual insights. For example, after "meticulous preparations" in seeking an agreement with the Soviet Union on limiting strategic weapons, the Administration concluded that "the strategic balance would be endangered if we limited defensive forces alone and left the offensive threat unconstrained."

The global report deals most notably and forcefully with these specific topics:

SOVIET UNION. For a President who will soon visit Moscow, Nixon is sur-



NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISER HENRY KISSINGER IN WHITE HOUSE OFFICE
A President and a professor ordering an untidy world.

pride with which Nixon views these moves shows through, as does the belligerence with which he defends his also familiar—and still embattled—policy on Viet Nam.

While bristling with self-confidence, the report is not offensively self-righteous. It forthrightly ticks off some U.S. failures: to prevent the India-Pakistan war, stimulate fruitful negotiations between Egypt and Israel, keep Taiwan in the United Nations, find a better way to help nations of Latin America develop economically. It concedes that not achieving a negotiated

prizingly blunt in criticizing Russia. The report accuses the U.S.S.R. of using the Arab-Israeli conflict "to perpetuate and expand its own military position in Egypt," of allowing hostilities between India and Pakistan "to boil up toward crisis in the hope of political gain," and of rapidly building up its military forces "beyond a level which by any reasonable standard already seems sufficient." Yet the report cites enough contradictory instances of Soviet accommodation (including progress at SALT, agreement on access to Berlin, treaties banning biological

weapons) to convince Nixon that "a summit would not be an empty and self-deluding exercise in atmospherics." It is up to Moscow to determine whether a period of *détente* is to be used as "another offensive tactic" or a chance to stabilize relations between the two powers.

SALT. The report worries about the Soviet arms buildup, claims that an apparent pause in Soviet ICBM silo construction only served to permit "a totally new missile system" to be deployed. Now nearly 100 new ICBM silos are under construction in the U.S.S.R., multiple warheads have been tested, submarine-launched missiles are being improved, and there are more ballistic missile submarines being built than the U.S. now has. Erection of anti-missile defenses around Moscow has been resumed. Moreover, says the report, the Soviet Union has "the technical capability" to develop a missile system that on a first strike could knock out the U.S. ability to retaliate effectively. While wondering whether Moscow might not be stalling in the SALT talks until it develops a superior strategic force, the report nevertheless holds out substantial hope for agreement. Nixon sees this developing in steps: first a long-term treaty limiting defensive systems, next "an interim agreement" that would freeze levels on "certain offensive weapons" and, finally, a second phase of negotiations to work out a more permanent limitation of most offensive weapons.

INDIA. The Administration offers no apology at all for its controversial "tilt" toward Pakistan, contending that it has undisclosed but "convincing evidence" that India wanted to do more than carve out Bangladesh in the East: New Delhi intended to destroy Pakistan military forces in the West as well. Since India was the aggressor, the report claims, the U.S. could either "take a stand against the war and try to stop it, or we could maintain a 'neutral' position and acquiesce in it." Typically, Nixon posed extreme alternatives (akin to the choice between "settlement and surrender" in Viet Nam) when more complex options were open. A firm denunciation of Pakistan's slaughter of Bengalis, for example, might have put the U.S. in a stronger position to denounce India's resort to force—and could hardly have been less effective. The report nonetheless offers to open "a serious dialogue" with India, and hints that the future of U.S.-Indian relations depends heavily on how much independence from the Soviet Union India retains.

JAPAN. Neither does Nixon's report apologize for the shocks the Administration gave Japan by approaching Peking and moving unilaterally on trade. These shocks, says the paper, "only accelerated an evolution in U.S.-Japanese relations that was overdue, unavoidable, and in the long run, desirable." Nixon tells Japan that both

Tokyo and Washington can deal with Peking without hurting each other. There is soothing flattery for the Japanese: the report praises their "remarkable display of disciplined energy" and their emergence "firmly in the front rank of international powers."

More broadly, the Nixon-Kissinger view of an orderly world calls for the major powers to deal realistically with one another's national interests and to downgrade ideological differences so long as they do not endanger world peace, Nixon says, for example, that the U.S. will deal with Communist countries "on the basis of their foreign and not their domestic policy." Similarly, on the disputes between China and Russia, the report dismisses their arguments over Communist philosophy as "a subject in which we have no competence and little interest."

If that all sounds refreshingly realistic, there is also a certain amount of wishfulness in the notion that nations can neatly separate their foreign interests from their internal political concerns. The difficulty is demonstrated by Nixon's pledge to help friendly Asian nations combat "subversion and guerrilla warfare" with U.S. funds, even though such movements may be highly ideological and may not always threaten U.S. security. The Nixon report also criticizes racial injustice in South Africa somewhat more vigorously than the Administration has attacked racial inequality in the U.S., raising subtle questions of which problems transcend boundaries and which are really internal.

Certainly, Nixon and Kissinger make sense in trying to deal with the emerging multipolar world in a way that more closely equates the nation's commitments with its limited ability to influence events everywhere. They are constructive, too, when they argue that "the heart of our new conception is a more balanced alliance with our friends—and a more creative connection with our adversaries." If the President and the professor seem uncommonly impressed by their own fallible formulations, perhaps even that is understandable in a presidential election year.

POLITICAL BRIEFS

Mills Comes Out

Of the proliferating group of Democrats who would like to win their party's presidential nomination, conservative Congressman Wilbur Mills of Arkansas has probably been the most coy. While keen for a crack at the nomination, he has consistently feigned indifference. Last week for the first time Mills came right out and admitted that he is indeed a candidate. In letters to Wisconsin and Nebraska election officials, Mills said that he could not "in good conscience" ask that his name be

left off primary ballots in those states. He added, however, that he does not plan to campaign.

Mills, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, has also refused to go on the stump in the New Hampshire campaign, although he does not deny that his supporters there are trying to get him at least 5% of the total vote in the state's March 7 pri-

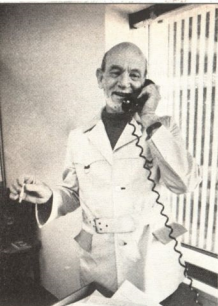


CANDIDATE WILBUR MILLS
Feigned indifference.

mary, and will spend \$200,000 doing it. Mills calmly calls the whole thing "a draft movement." His obvious strategy is to stay in the nomination race without getting into open electioneering. Then, if all goes well enough, he could make more trouble in later primaries while reminding Democrats that he is indeed available, even for the vice presidency.

Taft v. Rhodes in Ohio

None of the principals involved will talk about it and the White House has taken a quietly apprehensive hands-off stand, but a deepening intra-party Republican squabble in Ohio could jeopardize Nixon's re-election chances in November. The trouble is the result of the bitter 1970 primary fight between Ohio Senator Robert Taft Jr. and Former Governor James Rhodes, and a series of G.O.P. financial scandals, all of which has left the party in a shambles. Now Taft is maneuvering to wrest power from the Rhodes-influenced Republican state central committee. He plans to run for the 46-member committee in hopes that growing dissatisfaction with Rhodes' leadership and Taft's own improved power position will enable him to break Rhodes' grip on the party. Since Ohio and its 25 electoral votes are a major election prize, Nixon's men are hoping that the fratricidal fight will be over and the wounds healed by November.



WRITER JAMES PHELAN



IRVING & RESEARCHER RICHARD SUSKIND SHOPPING IN MANHATTAN DELI

CRIME / COVER STORY

The Fabulous Hoax of Clifford Irving

THE tale came wrapped extravagantly—boxes within boxes, each festooned with its own diminished fantasies, each gaudily papered in ever thinner tissues of lies. The serial revelations in the Howard Hughes-Clifford Irving affair became an extraordinary popular entertainment, a top of the TV news, a front-page *divertissement* that evoked the distractions of an earlier, less desperate age. Like the Americans who once crowded the docks waiting for the latest chapter of Dickens to arrive by boat, devotees anticipated the next surprises.

As Irving's outrageous story collapsed in on itself, one principal element in the puzzle loomed ever larger and more baffling: Where had the material he spun into his *summa* of non-books come from. All the supposed Hughes letters, now clearly revealed as forgeries, and all the affidavits of supposed meetings with Hughes had helped Irving create an atmosphere of verisimilitude. But the essence of its apparent validity—and the key to the big con job—had been the words in the manuscript itself. Several experienced editors and publishers at McGraw-Hill and *LIFE* magazine had read Irving's work and found it convincing in its tone and above all its remarkable wealth of detail about Hughes' complex life. It seemed beyond mere inventive compilation, even given all that has been printed over the years about Hughes. It had an undeniable smack of authenticity.

That authenticity now seems explained. Irving's hoax worked because the base on which he built was largely genuine. In subject matter, Irving's book is identical at many points with

the manuscript of a Long Beach, Calif., writer named James Phelan, who had been hired to ghost-write the story of the man who knows more than anyone else in the world about the life and times of Howard Hughes. He is Noah Dietrich, 83, who for 32 years was Hughes' chief of staff, hatchet man, fixer and right arm. The conclusion emerging from a study of both manuscripts is that much of Irving's book was lifted from Phelan's writings. Irving could have come into possession of the Phelan version, along with 150 pages of the transcript of tape-recorded interviews with Dietrich, some time in the last year. Then, with the help of a researcher, his own imagination, and information supplied by current or former Hughes associates, Irving concocted *The Autobiography of Howard Hughes*.

No Prune. Through his lawyer, Irving late last week admitted in the U.S. Attorney's office in New York City that his baroque detailed scenario was a fraud, Irving's lawyer, Maurice R. Nessen, had hurried to the Federal Courthouse for the conference after Richard Suskind, a writer and researcher who had worked with Irving on the manuscript, refused to back Irving's story. In exchange for immunity from prosecution, Suskind said he was willing to testify that contrary to his earlier affidavit, he had never seen Hughes; Hughes had never offered him that organic prune he had once mentioned to lend a touch of credence to the tale.

Irving and Nessen tried to hammer out their own deal with the U.S. Attorney. They promised to cooperate provided the prosecutors could per-

suade the Swiss government to soften passport-forgery and bank-fraud charges against Irving's wife Edith. No one was quite certain whether Irving was acting out of chivalry or more self-serving motives. It was possible, some investigators said, that Irving hoped to ease Edith's legal burdens before she broke down and told her own side of the story, partly in anger over her husband's now famous affair with Danish Singer Nina van Pallandt.

Two members of the U.S. Attorney's office, Robert Morvillo and John Tighe Jr., consented to talk to Swiss authorities about leniency. But first Morvillo wanted to know one thing: did Irving intend to persist in his story that he had met with Hughes? Nessen stepped out into the hall to talk to Irving. When he returned, he said: "You won't have to call Hughes. There were no meetings with Hughes." "All right," said Morvillo, "but Irving should know that we'll break his balls before the grand jury if he says he met with Hughes."

Swiss Sanctum. Irving was willing to accept a prison term for fraud and perjury, and give his account of the entire scheme. The prosecutors were amenable to that, since if Irving took the Fifth Amendment, it might be difficult to track down the other conspirators. Morvillo and Tighe immediately flew to Zurich, where they tried to induce the Swiss to reduce their charges against Edith. They received a cool reception. For weeks Zurich Prosecutor Peter Veleff had been horrified by the publicity surrounding the case and by the lack of cooperation from U.S. legal authorities. The spectacle of Clifford and Edith blithely ap-

pearing on television was especially galling when she, a Swiss citizen, had been charged with—and had even admitted—that she violated the Swiss sanctum sanctorum, its banking system.

The Swiss would consider only one concession: if the Irvings would replace the \$650,000 that Edith/Helga has cached in Zurich banks, then the Swiss government might consider accepting a guilty plea, upon which she could—possibly—receive a suspended sentence. For the Irvings, that amounted to no deal at all; they are believed to have spent about \$100,000 of the money, and authorities have been unable to account for another \$100,000.

Better Writing. In the midst of the Swiss negotiations, Irving's attention was diverted. Late on the night of his meeting at the U.S. Attorney's office, Irving received a telephone call at Nessen's office from TIME Correspondent Frank McCulloch. "I want to level with you," McCulloch said. "We've got the Phelan manuscript on the way to New York. Phelan's flying here with it, and we're going to lay it down alongside your manuscript in the morning and read them together."

There was a silence at the other end of the wire; then Irving said with a long, soft exhalation: "Wooooowww!"

At that moment, the last of the boxes was being opened. When Phelan's version of the Dietrich book is read in tandem with the Irving manuscript, one essential source of Irving's material becomes obvious (see story, page 17). The instances of duplicated material are numerous. In some cases, the books are virtually identical in detail. In others, they are substantively the same, although the Irving manuscript has been reworded and otherwise disguised. One curiosity: the writing in the Irving manuscript is much better than that in the hastily drafted Phelan version. It is ironic that Irving may be more convincing as a forger than as an author in his own right—just as Elmyr de Hory, Irving's Ibiza friend and the main character in his book *Fake!*, is much better at doing Picasso and Modigliani than he is at doing De Horys.

TIME's discovery of the link between the Phelan and Irving manuscripts left Irving duly impressed, but he warned there might be surprises

yet to come. "It's more complex than you ever think," he told a TIME reporter. "You haven't seen the bottom line yet. There is going to be some big news breaking. So be careful."

One question still to be fully answered is exactly how Irving got the Phelan manuscript. Noah Dietrich began working on a book about Hughes in Los Angeles during 1969. Jim Phelan, his collaborator, is a widely experienced newspaperman and investigative reporter who has written five magazine articles on Hughes. Says Dietrich: "Phelan would come up to my house in Benedict Canyon and I would dictate to his tape recorder. One hundred hours of tapes. Then he digested this and wrote down a lot of questions, and I dictated a whole batch of memos to my secretary for him."

Phelan Phase. The project dragged on into 1970. Eventually Dietrich became dissatisfied with Phelan's work ("It was his first book and I guess he was going for the Pulitzer"). Dietrich and Phelan signed a \$40,000 settlement. Dietrich hired another writer, Associated Press Hollywood Correspondent Bob Thomas, who finished

The Clifford Irvings at Play

Time: Friday evening. Place: the apartment of writer Jim Sherwood and his German wife Valdi, friends of Clifford and Edith Irving, in Manhattan's Chelsea Hotel. Cast: the Irvings, the Sherwoods, and others in the Irving entourage, including Hyde Partnow, a self-described "Russian Jewish poet from Montparnasse and Ibiza," and Lester Waldman, a nomadic photographer expelled from Ibiza by the Spanish police. Also present: TIME Correspondent Bill Marmion.

EDITH is chain-smoking Gauloise blues, looking harried and tired. "This whole thing is like a storm in Ibiza," she says. "Furious, but then it passes away completely. No one has been hurt. This is not an important story, and it hasn't changed me or my world. This is nothing to me. It's too surreal." Cliff enters, hunched, almost haggard, in red turtleneck and bedroom slippers. He is not supposed to be there because of the presence of a reporter, but boredom has overcome his promise to his lawyer. Also, the TV set in his room downstairs is broken, and it is time for the late news starring Clifford Irving and friends.

The Sherwoods have not one but two TV sets, and soon the face of Nina van Pallandt, Irving's elegant traveling companion in Mexico, blossoms on both screens. Edith leans forward to watch with aggressive intension. "She's going to be on David Frost and David Susskind," someone says. Marmion: "Will she sing or talk?" Sher-

wood: "She'll sing. She can't talk. She's too stupid."

Then Sherwood appears on the tube, defending Irving, "my good friend." Partnow has somehow got into the television act and reads his poem "To a Seagull," dedicated to Irving:

I am free
Not because I can fly
But because I can touch
The earth with my feet.

Everyone in the room cheers and congratulates Partnow. Edith kisses him and asks for a copy. The talk turns to how poetry can be brought into the courtroom proceedings. Edith vows to recite Partnow's poem instead of saying "No comment." That's so cold and sterile. Just because you're accused, you don't have to act like you're in jail. "Maury [Nessen, the Irvings' attorney] won't like it," jokes Cliff.

Partnow: "What I think you should do, Cliff, is speak as the writer. You are the conscience of your age." Irving, slowly: "No. Poets speak. Writers write." Then he has a bright idea. "Hyde, why don't we do a phony press conference by phone? I've been with high-priced public relations men all week. I know how it works. You call up seven newspapers and tell them you are Clifford Irving. They will be here with everything in 15 minutes and plug into the Chelsea switchboard. Then you read poetry to them. And even if they have voiceprints to show that you aren't really me, the voiceprints will match because they will be so eager to use it."

Everyone in the room likes the idea.

Waldman wants to take pictures of Cliff and Edith, which he knows he can sell. "Oh, let him go ahead," says Edith. She poses behind Cliff, puts her long blonde hair down over his face, snuggles him. Finally the Irvings go back to their own apartment in the hotel. Sherwood: "He is a poet and writer, and I don't care what the facts are. Cliff is telling the truth." Valdi agrees emphatically. Lester and Hyde are not so sure.

IRVINGS CLOWNING AT THE CHELSEA



THE NATION

the book off in six weeks. Dietrich had been having trouble finding a publisher, and was about to accept a mere \$5,000 advance for his book when the Irving story broke last December. Dietrich negotiated a \$65,000 advance from Fawcett, which will bring out the Thomas version next month.

During the Phelan phase of the work, the manuscript had been sent to several intermediaries in the search for a publisher. At some point, it evidently stopped at a Xerox machine.

Rather Average. Stanley Meyer, an old friend of Dietrich's and a sometime Hollywood producer, learned that Dietrich was preparing a Hughes book and said he could help find an agent. On the advice of Novelist Irving Wallace (*The Prize*), Meyer suggested Wallace's agent in New York, Paul Gitlin, who handles other authors such as Harold Robbins. Meyer took the manuscript from Dietrich and channeled it, chapter by chapter, to Gitlin in New York.

That process began in November 1970. Gitlin read the chapters as they came in, and sent word to Dietrich that the book seemed "indifferent and rather average." In January 1971, Gitlin sent the manuscript to Simon & Schuster, which kept it for two weeks. Then in February, says Gitlin, Phelan on his own submitted parts of the book to *Look* magazine for possible serialization. Phelan denies that he ever approached *Look*.

In any case, a copy of the manuscript was out of Dietrich's hands for about three months early last year. Phelan completed the manuscript in April at just about the time Irving allegedly began having his first serious interviews with Howard Hughes. It is possible that Irving had already conceived a Hughes project when the Phelan manuscript fell into his hands. He had begun discussing the project with McGraw-Hill in January 1971, when Phelan was midway in his work.

Last June, Irving appeared at a house in Cathedral City, Calif., that belonged to Stanley Meyer's mother-in-law. There, Meyer says, he approached Irving, whom he had known in Los Angeles ten years before, and asked if he would be interested in rewriting the Phelan manuscript for Noah Dietrich. "No, I can't," Irving replied. "I'm already doing a book on the four richest men in the world [including Howard Hughes]." That was not unusual; all through the project, Irving disguised the fact that he was interested only in Hughes by saying he was doing a book on four of the world's wealthiest men. He did, however, brag to his cousin Mike Hamillburg that he was deeply involved in a book exclusively about Hughes. Meyer claims that he never showed the Phelan manuscript to Irving. Late last week Meyer was subpoenaed to appear before a federal grand jury in Los Angeles that will, like the federal



INTERMEDIARY STANLEY MEYER



LITERARY AGENT PAUL GITLIN

grand jury already assembled in New York, look into the case.

When Irving first approached McGraw-Hill, which had published three of his books, he said that he had received three letters from Howard Hughes expressing tentative interest in having Irving write his authorized biography. Irving's editors were intrigued and told him to proceed with the project.

Then began Irving's intricately orchestrated moves, drawn out over the next ten months, to make the project seem authentic. McGraw-Hill editors received calls from various points—Mexico, Puerto Rico, Miami and other cities—where Irving reported his progress with Hughes. Irving said that he first met Hughes at 7 a.m. on Feb. 13 on a mountaintop in Oaxaca, Mexico. He reported that he had signed a letter of agreement with Hughes in San Juan on March 4. He brought the forged document to New York, and on March 23 signed with McGraw-Hill a contract providing for an immediate \$100,000 advance. Eventually McGraw-Hill paid Irving \$700,000 in advances, of which \$650,000 was intended for Hughes and ended up in the "Helga Hughes" account in Zurich. Irving smoothly explained to the publishers that Hughes, in a stubbornly entrepreneurial spirit, wanted to be paid an honest price for his labors. Throughout the negotiations, Irving maintained a convincing air of plausibility.

On Sept. 13, Irving appeared in New York with what he said were the complete tape transcripts of his sessions with Hughes. McGraw-Hill



IRVINGS ON IBIZA WITH ELMYR DE HORY,



ROBERT & PETER MAHEU

As the extravagant package was unwrapped,

brought the transcripts to LIFE, which had earlier signed a \$250,000 contract for worldwide syndication rights. Throughout the project, LIFE was protected by a prudent escape clause that would permit it to withdraw with no loss of its investment if the material proved not to be authentic.*

Catch-22. Irving had built a Catch-22 into his arrangements with the publishers: they could not meet Hughes, he said, because Hughes might bolt if there were the slightest publicity. Meantime, Irving produced nine documents purportedly from Hughes, including a nine-page letter in long-hand to McGraw-Hill. Eventually McGraw-Hill hired a respected New York firm of handwriting analysts, Osborn Associates, to check the Hughes handwriting against samples of his writing dating back to 1936. Said Osborn: "The evidence that all of the writing submitted was done by the one individual is, in our opinion, irresistible, unanswerable and overwhelming." Last

* After Time obtained the Phelan manuscript, LIFE announced last week that it was canceling its plans to publish excerpts of the Irving book. McGraw-Hill, keeping its own counsel, still held out some apparent hope for the Irving version. It announced simply that Phelan had supplied "additional information" on the book's possible origins.



FRIEND GERRY ALBERTINI & BOOK CRITIC ROBERT KIRSCH



MEMOIRIST NOAH DIETRICH

there were boxes within boxes, each festooned.



HUGHES EX-AIDE JOHN MEIER



PUBLISHER HANK GREENSPUN

tioned by federal agents are Mike Hamblurg and his wife Hannah, Los Angeles Times Book Critic Robert Kirsch and Las Vegas Newspaper Publisher Hank Greenspun. A subpoena also went out to Robert Edwin Holdorf, a sometime Las Vegas resident who has been thrice convicted for forgery.

Beyond the material that Irving may have taken from the Phelan book and whatever he may have received from people who knew Hughes, Irving apparently drew on his imagination for some of the Hughes book.

Now the most intriguing figure in the case becomes not Hughes but Clifford Michael Irving. Why did he do it? Why did he think he could get away with it? What *hubris* made Irving imagine that he could bluff his way to more than a half million dollars by stealing a manuscript, challenging the entire Hughes empire, and dealing in recklessly prolific forgeries? Some of the answers may lie in Irving's career as a nomadic, minor league novelist of a post-Hemingway generation.

Irving grew up in an apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. His father, who changed the family name from Rafsky in the mid-'30s, was Jay Irving, a modestly successful cartoonist who drew covers for *Collier's* magazine and a comic strip called *Potty*—about a fat, amiable policeman—for the New York Daily News. The elder Irving was fascinated by cops and filled the apartment on West End Avenue with police memorabilia.

Those who knew Jay Irving, who

died two years ago, are struck by the similarities between him and Howard Hughes' father. Each was self-centered, demanding of his only son but never close to him, a dominant, feared figure. About his father, Cliff Irving has told friends: "He was always pushing me to go to Hollywood. He had this image of me, I think, sitting beside a swimming pool under the palm trees, directing or producing movies." The elder Irving evidently wanted his son to achieve what he had never gained—influence, money and fame. But Cliff Irving's priorities, one friend says, are first money, then fame. Although father and son never really got along, Clifford said that before he died, Jay Irving "finally came round. He realized he couldn't change me, and what's more, that I was doing what he had always wanted to do."

Irving's mother, who died within six months of her husband, was apparently a remote figure in her son's life—"not a very Jewish mother," according to one friend. In Clifford's first and largely autobiographical novel, *On a Darkling Plain*, a main character, Mike Donnenfeld, muses: "He carried the burden of being an only child and had no idea of how to lighten the load except by creating this illusion of success."

Irving attended public schools in Manhattan and played curb ball with friends that included William Safire, now a speechwriter for President Nixon. Between games, they sat on the stoops and talked about girls. "Cliff was way ahead of us," says Safire. Even as a very young man, Irving was developing what some who knew him regarded as an extraordinary animal magnetism. Another old friend admits with a touch of awe: "The grip he has on women is incredible."

First Nina. In his later life, women and romantic fantasy have been a consistent theme. At the start, says an associate, "he sees them all like women in a Hollywood movie—beautiful, unharried, desirable. So he wants them. He gets them—boy, how he gets them. But once he has them, he gets bored very quickly. All the dreary little details of living together, raising kids, that drives Cliff right up the wall. So he creates a new fantasy, looks for a new woman and starts all over again."

Entering Cornell University in 1947, Irving plunged into books, freshman crew and Pi Lambda Phi fraternity, of which he was elected president in his senior year. Initially he wanted to be an artist. Then he read Ernest Hemingway, whose style in life and prose had a profound effect upon him. "From that point on," says a classmate, "he wanted to be a writer." He took creative-writing courses at Cornell, stayed on for a year after graduation on a creative-writing fellowship.

In March of his senior year, Irving married a beautiful coed named Nina Wilcox. Cliff was, Nina recalls,



FIRST WIFE NINA WILCOX



SINGER NINA VAN PALLANDT
None of the details.

"an impassioned guy, discovering art and books." Together, says a classmate, they were "the golden couple." Nina introduced him to politics, and through her influence, he joined Students for Peace, an anti-Korean War group. The marriage broke up—he wanted to travel, she wanted to finish college—and was annulled in 1953. Even today Nina, who is married to TV Producer Marc Merson, weeps when she sees her beleaguered first husband on television. But, she says with some disillusionment, "In the beginning I was Mrs. Defender. But now all these lies—more and more lies."

Like Hemingway's Nick Adams, Irving began wandering in quest of experience—"to taste life," he said, "to



IRVING'S THIRD WIFE FAY

search for the basic truths." First he went to Detroit to work in a machine shop and absorb the life of the working class. For a time he was a Fuller Brush man in Syracuse. Then he went to Europe, where he finished *On a Darkling Plain*, a novel in which three college buddies encounter the disillusionments of the postwar world. On the dust jacket, the publisher offered an "unqualified guarantee of reader satisfaction" or the book could be exchanged.

Through the '50s, Irving continued to travel and write. In 1957 he published his second novel, *The Losers*, a New York chronicle of a businessman-idealist and an artist-opportunist. It is narrated by a cartoonist. With great pride, Irving quotes Poet Robert Graves as calling it "the best short novel I have read in 20 years." That is by far the most extravagant praise his works have ever drawn. His next book, *The Valley*, was an adult western published in 1961. In 1966 came *The Thirty-Eighth Floor*, about an American black who becomes acting U.N. Secretary-General. The reviews were tepid or nonexistent.

Fistfight. His wanderings took him as far as Kashmir. If he lacked Hemingway's stature, he had gathered a certain amount of tragic experience to draw on. His second wife Claire, whom he had met on Ibiza, died in a car crash in Monterey, Calif., in the late '50s, when she was eight months pregnant. The wife of Novelist Dennis Murphy was also killed in the crash, and Irving, who had often been unfaithful to Claire, had a drunken fistfight with Murphy over who was to blame for the accident.

In 1961 Irving turned up in the Beat writers' enclave of Venice, Calif. With him was a beautiful aspiring poet and former fashion model named Fay Brooke. For a time, they borrowed an apartment from Novelist Lawrence Lipton (*The Holy Barbarians*), one of the old men of the Kerouac generation. "He tried to make the scene here," says Lipton, "but he failed. There was agony, soul-searching, fights with Fay. He may have

been the closest thing Cornell had to a hippie, but you know what that means—sometimes he didn't tie his tie." Lipton adds disdainfully: "He never bought a beret."

Lipton and the other Beats suspected that Irving was merely slumming. Almost from the start of his year in Venice, he lived a kind of double life, cultivating wealthy Hollywood producers and directors. One of his friends was Screenwriter Ernest Lehman, who is now the director of *Portnoy's Complaint*. Lehman introduced Irving and Fay to Irving Wallace and Stanley Meyer. In his private journal, Wallace remembers Fay as "a fantastic girl, incredible beauty—beautiful figure, beautiful neuroses, beautiful mind." His portrait of Irving is less flattering: "Fay told me Cliff is incapable of love. He is too self-absorbed. As a writer and as a male, he's lazy. He will write only out of himself. He has no curiosity. I once suggested to Cliff that he make a doctor or a lawyer character, but he said I know nothing about a doctor or lawyer. I said, You should do research to get into their skins, but he wouldn't."

Ambivalence. Fay and Cliff were married in 1961 and soon had a son Josh. Their life together was never idyllic. "He drank heavily," Lipton recalls. "His favorite pastime was to get high and spin fantasies of fame and fortune." Sometimes he beat Fay. Apparently he also gambled and womanized, and then lied about his activities to Fay and his friends. For all that, Irving Wallace recalls, "Cliff was a winning person, a little egocentric but very charming, loose and easy."

During the 1961-'62 school year, Irving taught creative writing at the U.C.L.A. Extension school, a job he obtained on the recommendation of Robert Kirsch. Later he picked up expense money by selling a script to TV's *Bonanza* and doing other television work. By the spring of 1962, he had abandoned the down-and-out life-style.

It was in late 1962 that Irving and Fay took off for the Balearic island of Ibiza, which Lipton calls "the Foreign Legion of the pseudointellectual literary jet set." Irving had lived there off and on during the '50s. Now he made his home there in an exotically primitive colony of artists and writers and international posers. Fay soon drifted away; they were divorced in 1965. In 1967 he married Edith, a German-born abstract painter who had fled to Ibiza after her divorce from a businessman in Wuppertal, Germany. Edith and Clifford had two sons, Ned and Barnaby.

He and Edith settled into what he describes as "a simple life that gives you a sense of your own awareness." Yet, in his late 30s, he had failed to produce the Big Novel. One inspiration that Ibiza did give him, of course, was Elmyr de Hory, the elegantly el-

fin and occasionally bitchy art forger who was the subject of Irving's best-known book, *Fake!* Even though its reviews were good, *Fake!* sold fewer than 30,000 copies.

Actually, Cliff Irving, with seven published books, had gone farther than thousands of other young men of his generation who grew up trying to be writers in imitation of Hemingway. Still, Irving was in the literary backwaters. Then, by transferring all of his fictional dreams to nonfiction form—in a grand hoax—he finally performed an act of daring imagination. Through his Howard Hughes, through all of the minutely conjured secret rendezvous, through the forgeries, Irving, in some perhaps sleazily refractory way, entered a world of fabrication in which he was simultaneously living and creating high adventure. "Cliff lives in a world of fantasy," says a friend, "a world that he creates to suit himself. When he creates a fantasy, it quickly becomes reality to him. He believes what he has created."

Perhaps that accounts for the man-

ic good spirits in which Irving was breezing through an ominous round of court hearings in Manhattan. "He's onstage," says an acquaintance. "The biggest stage he's ever been on, a stage far beyond his wildest dreams of a couple of years ago." Last week he was even turning up at Manhattan cocktail parties. When someone asked how he felt as one disastrous revelation followed another, he grinned: "It reminds me of the story of the guy who jumped off the top of the Empire State Building. About halfway down, another guy stuck his head out the window and yelled, 'How do you feel?' And the guy in the air yelled back, 'I'm okay so far!'"

Then, too, Irving may be hoping that out of the Hughes affair he will get an even better story than the billionaire's "confessions" he tried to peddle. Speaking of that book on the whole affair, says his friend, Jim Sherwood, "he told me, 'Jim, it's going to be a marvelous book!' And he ticks off the chapters as they happen each day." On another occasion, Irving told

his former lawyer, Martin Ackerman, that "someone up there"—pointing skyward—was following him and filming his life.

A film or a book is surely there now in Cliff Irving's life as it never was before. In some secret proscenium of his fancy, Irving seemed to be reveling in his part. He had become a modern anti-hero of sorts—a bilker of corporations and master of that old American art form, the tall tale. He could never have done it, of course, without Howard Hughes, that odd fixture of Americana with his inexplicable privacies. Probably no other famous figure in the world would have invited such a scheme, because none is so inaccessible and eccentric. With Howard Hughes, anything is always possible, which made Irving's story always plausible until the end came. It is tempting to think that when Irving pointed to "someone up there," he was actually imagining some Jovian Hughes taking it all in with a wide, astonished eye. Perhaps Jay Irving was right: Cliff should be in Hollywood.

Comparing the Two Manuscripts

WELL before Clifford Irving's conspiracy began to crumble, he made a tantalizing observation to his former attorney, Martin Ackerman. "You know, I was more of an editor than a writer on this project," he said. At the time, that remark seemed a possible reference to the editing of taped interviews with Hughes, but the damning truth now shows through in a comparison of Irving's manuscript with one prepared for former Hughes Aide Noah Dietrich by Reporter James Phelan. Irving brought considerable editorial ingenuity to reworking parts of the Phelan story in order to avoid outright duplication of language. He embellished incidents, arbitrarily changed statistics, had Hughes sometimes doing precisely the same things that the Phelan book claims Dietrich did.

Yet Irving, either sloppily or unconsciously, frequently retains similarity of writing structure. The same basic ideas often follow each other within paragraphs and in like-constructed sentences in the two manuscripts. Moreover, the same anecdotes sometimes follow each other, even when no logic compels it. In the boxes on the following pages are two extended examples of parallel episodes from the two books. In addition, herewith a selected reading of other similar incidents:

The Personal Ticker

PHELAN. Tired of driving to a broker's office in downtown Los Angeles at 6 a.m. to get the earliest readings off the stock market ticker, Hughes in the late '20s wanted a private ticker of his own in his Ambassador Hotel suite. As Phelan tells it, Dietrich ingeniously got

around regulations against such a personal installation. He rented a downtown office, had a ticker legally put in there. Then he discovered that a trolley line to the Ambassador had some unused insulators on the poles and that he could get a private line strung on them at 25¢ a year per insulator.

But when the ticker was disconnected by "a friend who knew a lot about electricity" and carried to the Ambassador, a red light flashed at Western Union offices. Dietrich's friend had incorrectly hooked up a resistor that should have prevented this. The Western Union men rushed to the rental office and found Dietrich holding only the glass top of the ticker. They asked where the rest of the machine was. He ad-libbed, said it had been knocked over and was being repaired. They offered to repair the machine themselves, and Dietrich had to retrieve it from the Hughes suite. Finally, Dietrich took a more direct tack, threatened to complain to state officials if Hughes could not get service—and the machine was quickly hooked up beside Hughes' bed. He lost some \$5,000,000 by ignoring expert advice and playing the market based on his own readings off the ticker.

IRVING quotes Hughes as saying: "I got in touch with a man named Paul Williams who headed up the Western Union office in Los Angeles. But he wouldn't run a private line out for me—wouldn't break regulations. So I rented an office on Figueroa, near Seventh, where there was a line, and had a ticker-tape installed there. . . . I drove down there in the middle of the night and laid this whole thing from Figue-



HOWARD HUGHES IN 1935

roa in downtown Los Angeles along the trolley power line to my room at the Ambassador Hotel. . . . But I got the terminals reversed, and this immediately showed up on the Western Union Board—a red light flashing—and so they sent over a couple of workmen to the Figueroa Street office that I'd rented. . . . They found Noah Dietrich there, standing there like an idiot with the glass dome of the ticker-tape machine in his hand—but no ticker-tape. I don't know how he got out of that one, but he did. . . . and so I hooked the terminals up again properly, and the machine ran perfectly—and it only cost me, as I say, about four million dollars."

The Note Book

PHELAN. During his moviemaking days, Hughes carried a 10¢ notebook in which he jotted down technical

THE NATION

points about the craft that he picked up along the way. Says Dietrich: "One day he called me in a state of agitation and told me he had lost it. 'I've got to get it back,' he said. 'Do what you have to do to recover it.' I offered a reward in every available medium, and advertised for weeks. I spent over \$1,000 trying to retrieve his 10¢ notebook, but we never got even a nibble."

IRVING quotes Hughes: "I made up a little code for figures, for prices and costs. . . . Then I lost the notebook. I was beside myself because it seemed that everything I knew was in that notebook, and I had lost it." Hughes ordered Dietrich to retrace every step that he, Hughes, had taken on the day of the loss, to get down on his hands and knees every 25 yards along the route to inspect the ground. Adds Hughes: "He sent me the cleaning bill for his trousers, the cheap bastard."

A Call from Hedda's Closet

PHELAN. Convinced that the telephones of his associates were tapped, Hughes had a practice of calling at any hour of the night, demanding that his aides go to a public telephone booth and call him back. He also insisted that they give him the number from which they were calling. When Perry Lieber, Hughes' publicity man at RKO, got such a call at Hedda Hopper's house, he did not feel like hunting up a public phone. He waited, took a long extension cord and called Hughes from Hedda's closet, feeling that this was private enough. But Hughes insisted on knowing the number—and recognized it as Hedda's private listing. The chastised Lieber then went out and found a phone booth.

IRVING. The essentials are virtually identical, and Phelan believes he is the only source for the anecdote. Lieber told it to him years ago and had forgotten the telling when asked about it last week.

The "Jesus Christ" Aircraft

PHELAN. With its 320-ft. wingspread, 220-ft. fuselage and 8-story-tall tail, the Hughes plywood flying boat was one of the fiascos of World War II. Phelan tells how it came to be known among the men building it as "the Jesus Christ": "When people walk in here [the hangar] for the first time, they are overwhelmed. They stand there with their mouths open and tilt their heads back until they are looking away up there at the top of the plane. Then they say, 'Jeeezuzz Christ!'"

IRVING. The episode emerges in much the same way except for the addition of one poignant detail.

When to Pay Damn Quick

PHELAN. Hughes was concerned about being kidnapped for ransom and gave Dietrich specific instructions on what to do if it happened. "If they ever grab me, Noah, don't pay any ransom. Don't pay any attention to any notes

The Hughes Super-Steamer

The Phelan version of Hughes' experience with steam-powered automobiles when he owned two of them in 1926 quotes Dietrich:

HOWARD preferred his Doble over his Stanley . . . but he was critical of both because they took too much time to get up steam, and they had relatively short non-stop cruising ranges. They consumed water at what Howard considered an inordinate rate, and had to stop about every 60 or 70 miles for a refill.

"I can get better performance than that," he told me, and set out methodically to build the world's best steamer. He and I went to California Institute of Technology and conferred with Dr. Robert Millikan, its president and the 1923 Nobel Prize winner in physics. Hughes told Dr. Millikan that he wanted to employ two of his brightest engineering graduates, men with creative imagination. Dr. Millikan recommended two young men, named Burns and Lewis.

"I want a steamer that will get under way in 20 seconds, starting from a cold stop," he stipulated. "With the present steamer, it takes from two to five minutes to get up steam. If I had a fire, I wouldn't be able to get them out of the garage. Second, I want a steamer that will run from Los Angeles to San Francisco on one filling of water."

He installed the pair in rented quarters on Romaine Street near the present Sunset Strip . . . I asked Hughes what he thought he could do with such a high-priced handmade car if it proved feasible . . . "Well," he said defensively, "it's really just a sort of hobby for me. If we put it into production, we couldn't sell more than 25 to 50 cars a year, and we'll probably have to charge \$25,000 or \$30,000 each. I think some of my sportsmen friends would buy them at that price . . ."

Burns and Lewis were waiting for us at their workshop, eager to show off their masterpiece . . . The engineers assured him that it was fast starting and could run at least 400 miles on a single filling of water. "How did you manage that?" Hughes asked. The engineers proudly explained . . . "You mean the entire body contains radiators, including the doors?" Hughes asked . . . "Well tell me, then, if I'm driving along and somebody in another car broadsides me, what happens?" There was an em-

barrassing silence. "I'd get scalded to death, right?" Hughes said . . . Without ever firing up his \$550,000 super-steamer . . . he ordered it junked. "Dismantle it, get some torches and cut it up into pieces," he said.

The Irving version:

I owned a Stanley and I had a Doble. The Doble was a great machine, but they both had two big flaws . . . For one thing it took anywhere up to five minutes to get up a head of steam, and the goddam garage could burn down in that time. And also you couldn't get more than 70 or 80 miles to a tankful of water . . .

And so I went out one day to the California Institute of Technology and had a talk with Doctor Richard Millikan—he was President of the University and a Nobel Prize winner—and I told him I . . . wanted two real bright boys to come and work for me and to develop the Hughes Steamer . . . He found two young kids, Lewis and Burns, and I told them what I wanted . . . a steamer that would get up a head of steam instantly, or as close as possible, and one that would give me four to five hundred miles without having to refill the boiler. I put them in a garage out near Caddo's headquarters on Romaine Street, and I let them go . . .

Lewis and Burns came up with the machine all right. But in the first place, it would cost \$30,000 to \$50,000 to make each automobile . . . I figured I could sell 50 to 100 of them a year, and I still would have had a new car myself whenever I wanted one.

They came up with a flashy-looking five-passenger convertible, a real jazzy-looking machine . . . They told me it would go 400 miles on one tank of water and they had a flash-fire system worked out where they could get up steam in less than half a minute . . . I asked them how they solved the water problem and Burns said to me, "Well, we just made the whole body one big radiator, full of tubes."

I looked at them—these bright, eager Caltech kids—and I said, "You mean the whole body is a radiator—including the doors?" Burns said to me, "That's right, sir. You can go 400 miles on a tank of water." I looked at him again and I said, "So tell me what happens if a car runs into me? Into my door, for example. Won't I get cooked? Boiled? Burned to a crisp?"

Well, little by little they turned red . . . So I walked away and called Noah and said to him, "Turn that goddam thing into scrap metal. Close up the shop. Project's finished."

* Phelan errs in this account, since Millikan was never president of Caltech. He was chairman of the executive council. Interestingly, Irving repeats this same error in his version of the anecdote, and adds one of his own, mistakenly using Richard as Millikan's first name.

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you get from me, because if I write you a ransom note it will be because I was forced to do it. Don't give anybody a goddam dime." But Dietrich asks: "Suppose you become convinced that you're going to be killed, for sure, if the ransom isn't paid?" Hughes' reply: "That's a good point. In that case I'll write the ransom note and put PDQ down at the bottom under my signature. That will mean 'Pay Damn Quick.'"

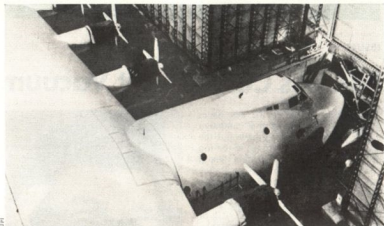
The Phelan manuscript then goes on to relate Hughes' experience with a bumbling former Texas Ranger he hired as a full-time bodyguard. The Ranger cashed his first \$400 paycheck and had his pocket picked before he could spend the cash. He later shot himself in the foot while twirling his gun.

IRVING tells the incident similarly, and in the same order.

Shooting Seagulls

PHELAN. Dietrich tried futilely to get Hughes interested in such relaxations as fishing and hunting and thus was surprised when the captain of a yacht described Hughes as "a hell of a shot." Explained the captain: "Whenever we take the boat out he sits in a chair with a .22 and knocks off all the seagulls when they land on the rigging. I asked him what he had against seagulls and he told me, 'I don't like them crapping on my boat.'"

IRVING. The point is the same in this version, but Irving uses even earthier language.



HUGHES' MAMMOTH FLYING BOAT IN LONG BEACH HANGAR (1971)
Newcomers look up and are overwhelmed.

A Gift for Truman

PHELAN. When Harry Truman was running against Thomas Dewey in 1948, Hughes contributed to Truman's election fund. "When Truman was campaigning in Los Angeles, Hughes and his then political lawyer, Neil McCarthy, called on the President at the Biltmore Hotel. Hughes waited in an outer room while Neil went in, wished Truman well and gave him a \$12,500 cash contribution in an envelope. While Neil was chatting with Truman, Howard stalked into the room and bluntly told the President, 'Mr. Truman, I want you to know that that is my money Mr. McCarthy is giving you.'"

IRVING. The story is substantially identical.

A Case of Athlete's Foot

PHELAN. Hughes' rumpled style of dress was well known. Says Dietrich: "The widely publicized stories about his slouching around in tennis shoes were true, but not for the reasons cited. The best-known story was that he took to sneakers during the war when he ran out of shoe rationing stamps. Actually, for a considerable period of time he had an infection like athlete's foot that he couldn't shake."

IRVING. Dietrich's version is recounted in much the same way.

The Case of the Lascivious Banker

Told from the personal perspective of Noah Dietrich, one anecdote in the James Phelan manuscript reads, in part:

HUGHES Tool had a portfolio of securities, but by now the depression was deepening and stocks, bonds, government securities were bringing a fraction of their value. It was the worst possible time to sell any securities, but I cleaned out the portfolio to finance his movie-making. I particularly remember a line of Australian government bonds, for which we had paid a premium prior to the crash. I sold them off at \$38, barely more than a third of their par value.

The money I raised fell far short of what he needed. . . . He called me in again and asked me to raise \$3,000,000 against the value of Hughes Tool Co. I went down to Houston and talked to the executives there about a loan from the Houston banks. . . . They told me they would talk to their bankers, and came back and claimed the banks had turned them down.

I went off to New York, and raised the three million from a bank that will

remain nameless, for obvious reasons. . . . I told the banker we would make the loan, and found out that he had one more condition. He hemmed and hawed and then came out with it.

"I've heard that they have some hot stag movies floating around Hollywood," the pillar of finance told me. "If you can dig up a good one for me, I'll close the deal."

I went back to L.A. and made some discreet inquiries. In those days, pornography was a hush-hush subject, and trafficked in by wealthy rakes rather than by neighborhood movie houses. I finally came up with an old classic called *Gozinta*, sent it off to the banker, and got final approval for Howard's \$3,000,000 loan.

The same incident, told by Irving in the purported words of Howard Hughes, reads, in part:

I had the Tool Company. Toolco kept going right through the Depression and we, that is to say the company, owned a fair amount of stock, government securities and bonds. So I sold them. We had Australian govern-

ment bonds and I took a terrible beating on them. And even that wasn't enough. Joe Schenck [a leading movie producer] had to have \$3,000,000 more, and I had to come up with it. I tried to go to Toolco again. I was busy so I sent Noah down there, but he couldn't do a goddam thing because he didn't know those people. . . .

Then I sent Noah to New York. He could deal with Easterners and I couldn't. . . . Anyway Noah found a banker finally who was willing to put up the \$3,000,000.

Well, this will show you how crazy business is sometimes. The banker had only one condition. He was a pervert. He wanted some stag movies, one of those blue films that were being made in Hollywood, and he said he'd come up with the money if we could get a really hot stag film. Noah told me this on the telephone. So I scoured Hollywood and came up with some film. It was disgusting. I ran it off at home to see what it was like—Billie [Actress Billie Dove] was with me and she nearly died of shame. . . . I sent it off Special Delivery to Noah in New York, breaking all the mail laws of the country in the process, and he gave it to the banker and we got our three million dollars.

ISSUES

Nixon's Convenient Vacuum

ANYONE predicting the key issues of the 1972 presidential campaign a year ago would rightly have put the economy close to or perhaps at the top of the list. But since President Nixon announced his New Economic Policy last August, Democratic candidates generally have found it difficult to mount an effective attack. Last week the chairman of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, Herbert Stein, went so far as to declare that "at the moment there is no issue" in the economy. He added: "There is no serious, coherent policy that is an alternative to the one the Administration has initiated." That convenient vacuum could be filled well before November. But for the time being, Stein appeared to be right.

None of the Above. The absence of issues last week made a rather dull affair out of what normally in an election year would be a highly charged political confrontation—the annual hearings of the congressional Joint Economic Committee. The committee's Democrats zeroed in on the current unemployment rate of nearly 6%, the Administration's gravest economic problem by far. Stein argued that Nixon had inaugurated "the strongest program to reduce unemployment that there ever has been in this country." It includes, he said, not only a huge, employment-building deficit in the federal budget, but also the stabilizing wage and price controls. After Democrats suggested that the Administration start a program of mass hiring for public service jobs, Stein scoffed that they were merely "rediscovering the WPA."

In a speech at the National Press Club, Stein challenged the Democrats to come up with a better program than Nixon's for reviving the economy. He listed the choices: impose even stricter wage and price controls or increase a budget deficit already pushing toward \$40 billion by more spending. Presumably a third would be to raise taxes. Democratic presidential contenders, he predicted, will choose a none-of-the-above option and talk only generalities. At the JEC hearings, Budget Boss George Shultz wanted to nail down the Republican position on one of these alternatives by demanding a "moratorium" on any thought of raising taxes.

There are, to be sure, some potential economic issues that the Democrats may later be able to exploit. One is what seems to be the growing unpopularity of Nixon's Phase II controls. According to a recent Gallup poll, a majority of



ECONOMIC ADVISER STEIN
A lack of issue.

Americans (55%) are dissatisfied with the way these "yardsticks" are working, undoubtedly because they believe that store prices are rising faster than paychecks. Stein gave a hint of Nixon's future response by remarking that "the possibility of permanent price controls, until they break down of their own contradictions, is probably enhanced by the election of someone other than Mr. Nixon." His comment raised the intriguing possibility that the President,



FEDERAL RESERVE CHAIRMAN BURNS
A fear of tightness.

having imposed the broadest economic controls since the Korean War, might campaign for re-election on a promise to abolish them.

Stein felt that the economic issue was well enough under control to indulge in some humor about it. In his speech, he admitted that the economy is still a matter of intense interest, especially to candidates for the presidency. Each, he said, must have "at least three economists" to advise him—a hard requirement for the large field of Democratic hopefuls. Cracked Stein: "Senator Muskie has offered Senator McGovern Arthur Okun [a member of TIME's Board of Economists] and a first-round draft choice from the 1972 crop of Ph.D.s in exchange for Kenneth Galbraith." Stein's witticisms, while outwardly testifying to a remarkable G.O.P. self-confidence, may come back to haunt him. If unemployment stays high, Democratic generalities could yet seem more appealing to the voters than Nixon's policies.

MONEY

Ending the Suspense

In rare tandem, the Federal Government's fiscal and monetary policies are currently meshing smoothly together. Early this year President Nixon and his aides decided on a deficit-be-hanged burst of Government spending aimed at stimulating the lagging economy. Testifying before the Joint Economic Committee last week, Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns pledged that his independent group would do its part. He confirmed what financial statistics had been strongly suggesting: late last year the board changed policy and is again pushing hard to expand the nation's money supply.

The switch ended what monetarist economists had found a cliffhanging suspense story. Early in 1971 the Federal Reserve pumped money into the economy at a stunning pace, but around midyear it almost turned off the spigot; the money supply in the last half of last year grew only very slowly. Monetarists consider the money supply the most important influence on the economy, and they feared that a continuation of the summer-fall Federal Reserve tightness would cripple any chance for a strong advance in 1972. In their view, the board's shift came in the nick of time—or perhaps not quite. Some expect the lag effect of the wide 1971 swings in money-supply growth to cause irregular wobbles in the economy this year.

The 1971 experience, however, demonstrates some of the difficulties of applying monetarist theory to actual Federal Reserve operations. To begin

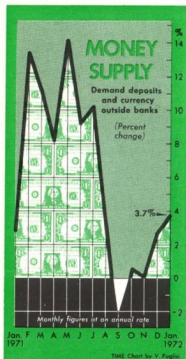
with, there is not even a single definition of what constitutes "money supply." The most commonly used measure is currency plus checking deposits, but Burns last week complained with some justice about excessive concentration on that standard by "single-minded observers." Then, although the board has several methods of creating new money and stuffing it into the U.S. banking system, it cannot force that money out into the nation's spending stream.

Last year consumers chose to save an exceptionally high proportion of their incomes, and corporations opted

But economists almost unanimously agree that short-term interest rates, like those on Treasury bills, are bound to rise from current abnormally low levels. The course of long-term interest rates, like those on corporate bonds, probably depends more on inflationary expectations than on money supply. If money men can be persuaded that inflation is being held in check, corporate bond rates are likely to hold around their present 7.45% or may even drop a bit. If inflation seems likely to resume, the rates will rise because lenders will demand a higher return to keep abreast of increasing prices.

review, however, make it clear that any further relaxation in this presidential election year will have to be decided on the "highest level"—meaning by Richard Nixon himself.

The need to woo the farm vote seems likely to keep the Administration from raising the voluntary quotas enough to make much difference. Speaking to the National Livestock Feeders Association in Omaha last week, Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz declared: "I say, isn't it about time that beef prices got up to levels of 20 years ago? After all, farmers' costs are 50% higher than 20 years ago."



to rebuild depleted cash balances. That was one reason why the first-half expansion of the money supply failed to produce the vigorous growth in the economy in late 1971 that some monetarists had expected. The Federal Reserve governors eventually concluded that they were pushing out money faster than the economy needed—especially in view of a gargantuan flight of dollars abroad—and decided to hold down the money supply again.

Rates Down. Prospects that renewed expansion now will really spur the economy are somewhat better. The expansion is being supported by fiscal policy, and Burns last week voiced a belief that businessmen and consumers are getting into a spending mood once more. The likely effect on interest rates is more problematic. Some are continuing to fall; Bank of America, the nation's largest bank, last week cut rates by about $\frac{1}{8}$ on home-improvement and some personal loans.

PRICES

Soaring Meat

Nixon Administration officials always expected a "bulge" in some prices after the expiration of last year's freeze, but what has been happening at the supermarket meat counter looks more like an upheaval. Retail beef and lamb prices have reached 20-year highs; pork prices, which slipped 16.6% early last year, are again climbing toward record levels. Just since the start of 1972, a Manhattan housewife has had to pay 12.6% more for a pound of pork chops.

The high prices reflect a short supply of livestock. Faced with increased wage and feed costs over the past few years, farmers have trimmed the size of their herds and litters. Now that a bumper corn harvest has made feed cheaper again, cattlemen find it profitable to hold their steers in feed lots longer to wait for beef prices to go still higher. In January, beef production ran 3% behind demand and hog output lagged 17%. Substituting other foods is not the housewives' answer either. The USDA estimates that all retail food prices will rise 7% in 1972.

Need for Imports. Although Price Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson last week expressed concern that the jump in meat prices would hurt public confidence in Phase II controls, there is not much that he can do to stop it. Like other raw agricultural products, livestock is exempt from price control. Prices of processed meat theoretically are subject to control, but the commission has found it impractical to require packers to ask permission to raise prices every time the quotes on live animals rise.

Economically, the easiest way to bring meat prices down would be to import more inexpensive meat. Politically, though, that course is barred by two sets of quotas: mandatory quotas provided by a law passed in 1964, and "voluntary" quotas added in 1968 to avoid triggering the mandatory quotas. The voluntary quotas are reviewed yearly, and two years ago they were relaxed slightly in order to slow an earlier rise in meat prices. Agriculture Department officials conducting this year's



GRAYSON IN WASHINGTON SUPERMARKET

PHASE II

Tackling the Sticky Ones

Ever since Phase II of President Nixon's economic program got under way three months ago, the Pay Board and Price Commission have found it especially difficult to set rules for some parts of the enormously complex U.S. economy. Last week each group tackled one of its stickiest problems. In a surprise move, the Price Commission suspended all pending rate increases by privately owned utility firms. Its move temporarily froze prospective boosts that would have added billions of dollars annually to consumers' telephone, electric and gas bills. The Pay Board issued new rules governing merit raises, the form of pay increase that affects the vast majority of nonunion workers, including high-salaried executives and professionals.

Utility rates became a problem in

THE ECONOMY

large part because many of the increases that federal and state regulatory agencies have been allowing are not even close to the Price Commission's overall goal of holding price hikes to 2.5% annually. Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson said that many of the 900 rate increases pending around the country are over 10%, and some top 30%. The commission's seven members initially adopted a policy that all but rubber-stamped any utility increases authorized by regulatory agencies. However, when they discovered that 40% of the commission's mail involved utility rates—a share exceeded only by inquiries about rent rules—the members decided to reconsider.

The sudden freeze does not necessarily foreshadow large numbers of rate rollbacks. Grayson has pointed out that

some of the large increases were due to the cost to the utility companies of new antipollution equipment. Such costs can legally be passed on to consumers. Later this month the commission will hold hearings in Washington giving company officials, members of regulatory agencies and customers a chance to make known their points of view. Then in March the commission will issue a comprehensive set of guidelines for the various utility concerns.

Third Try. The Pay Board's ruling on merit increases was its third. It stated that existing provisions for merit increases, whether written into labor contracts or applied as part of a company's general salary policy, can result in pay boosts of no more than 7% annually. Moreover, most new merit contracts or plans must conform to the

even lower 5.5% guideline for overall pay increases. The board's last previous position had made union merit raises exempt from the guidelines while holding nonunion employees to the 5.5% rule.

Right now, few workers are covered by contracts that lay down rules for merit raises. Such contracts may provide, for instance, that a new employee will receive a specified merit raise at some time during his first year when his boss decides that he has successfully completed a trial period. The new ruling is of greatest interest to salaried workers who bargain individually for pay raises. The board decided that in general, merit raises under old or new plans can increase the aggregate compensation of an "employee group" by 7% at the most.

The Patient Patrician

FOR years, U.S. Presidents could imagine few worse political nightmares than having to ask Congress to devalue the dollar. Any such act was certain to stir up a chorus of accusations that the U.S. was acquiescing to a devastating loss of international power. Yet, when the Nixon Administration last week submitted to Congress the Par Value Modification bill, which will devalue the dollar 8.57% by raising the price of gold, its prospects for relatively swift passage were all but certain. The man most responsible for anesthetizing the issue in Congress—and thus allowing an unavoidable economic adjustment to take place—is a thoughtful, patrician Democratic Representative from Milwaukee named Henry Reuss. Testifying before the Joint Economic Committee last week, Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns told a blushing Reuss: "If it weren't for you, I doubt that the Smithsonian agreement [devaluing the dollar and realigning currency-exchange rates] would have been concluded when it was."

There is little doubt that the normally inconspicuous, 59-year-old Reuss (pronounced Royce) played a major role in setting the stage for that agreement. Last Aug. 6, as chairman of a congressional subcommittee on international economics, he issued a report recommending the unhitching of the dollar from gold. Mistakenly viewed by European speculators as an official hint of policy change, the report led to panicky selling of dollars on money markets. Nine days later, Nixon was forced to halt the outflow of billions of dollars from the U.S. by floating the greenback against other currencies. Reuss has no regrets: "The markets were in turmoil already, and I simply stated that the emperor had no clothes." Then Reuss put his knowledge of economics to work and lined up congress-

sional backing for formal devaluation.

Although international finance is his recognized specialty, Reuss is also one of a handful of Congressmen who can knowingly assess the U.S. economy. In August 1970, he introduced the amendment giving President Nixon authority to impose wage and price con-



HENRY REUSS

trols. Nixon stubbornly refused to use the power for twelve months, until, in a stunning about-face, he declared a three-month freeze. At present, Reuss is striving to relieve the 5.9% unemployment rate by plugging a "Jobs Now" program that would create some 500,000 public-service positions. Nixon's plan to open 130,000 such jobs, Reuss says, is "a pitiful pooper of a program." He is also determined to close remaining loopholes in federal income tax regulations that allow a few wealthy

people to get away with paying little or no tax every year.

Reuss himself might stand to lose from higher taxes on the rich. As the scion of a Milwaukee banking family, he owns \$183,000 worth of stock in the city's Marshall & Ilsley Bank. He has never been active in banking, however; after graduating from Harvard Law School in 1936, he enlisted in the Army as a private, won a Bronze Star in the crossing of the Rhine and returned to Milwaukee to enter law and politics. In McCarthy-era Wisconsin, he lost his first three major races (for Milwaukee mayor, state attorney general and the U.S. Senate) before winning in 1954 the congressional seat that he still holds.

He also is interested in more emotional issues, notably the environment (he is an ardent camper and skier). It was Reuss who breathed life into the 1899 federal law regulating waste disposal in navigable rivers, and turned it into a modern-day antipollution measure. Still, Reuss is more at home discussing the fine points of currency-exchange rates with European bankers and statesmen or reading a book. When Nixon agreed in talks with French President Georges Pompidou to devalue the dollar, Reuss quoted the remark made by Henry IV after that cynical monarch converted to Catholicism in order to gain the French throne: "Paris is well worth a Mass." To that Reuss added: "Now Mr. Nixon has determined that Paris is worth a minor dollar devaluation."

That historical allusion, which would be lost on most voters, points up one of Reuss's weaknesses: he is considered a bit overtearful for higher political office. Nonetheless, his seniority makes Reuss an odds-on favorite to succeed 78-year-old Wright Patman as chairman of the powerful Banking Committee. It would be a fitting reward for a patient Congressman who has consistently done his homework.



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A GROUP OF SMILING, APPLAUDING CITIZENS ON CROWDED PUBLIC TRANSPORT BUS IN SHANGHAI

THE WORLD

SPECIAL SECTION

A Guide to Nixon's China Journey

Great plans are being made.

A bridge will fly to join the north and south,

A deep chasm becomes a thoroughfare;

The mountain goddess, if she still is there,

Will be startled to find her world so changed.

—Mao Tse-tung

AS Richard Nixon prepares to fly to Peking this week, he is reading, among other things, some of the writings of the remarkable poet-politician who will be his host. The haunting, prophetic verse quoted above, written in 1956, is included along with the eight thick black volumes of political and cultural notes that were put together by Henry Kissinger to brief the President for his historic mission to China. A year ago, the very idea that Nixon, or any other U.S. Chief Executive, would visit China on a good-will mission would

have seemed absurd. But not only the mountain goddess is startled these days by how the world has changed.

The Peking summit fairly shimmers with the kind of historic aura that Richard Nixon dearly treasures—the leader of the world's most powerful nation meeting with the ruler of the most populous. Never, perhaps, have two men who so dramatically epitomize the conflicting forces of modern history ever sat as equals at one negotiating table: Mao, the self-styled heir of Marx and Lenin and revolutionary leader of China's revolutionary masses; Nixon, elected spokesman of the world's richest, most advanced capitalist society and once the archetypal Cold Warrior. Even if nothing happens at their meeting—and no dramatic breakthrough is in sight—the reopening of a U.S.-China dialogue has fundamentally altered the power structure of the globe.

Prime Time. The ceremonial portions of the seven-day visit will be televised live by satellite to a worldwide audience that may match or exceed the estimated 600 million who saw man's first steps on the moon. The President and Mrs. Nixon will depart Washington on the morning of February 17. After spending two nights in Hawaii and one in Guam (and losing a day by crossing the International Date Line), they should reach Peking on February 21, at 11:30 a.m. That is 10:30 in the evening Eastern Standard Time, an excellent hour for a presidential candidate seeking re-election to make a television appearance. He will be accompanied by an official party of 13, including the ubiquitous Kissinger, Secretary of State William Rogers, and Presidential Assistant H.R. Haldeman, as well as 87 American newsmen and TV technicians (see THE PRESS). He will spend five days in Peking, where he will be accorded a full state welcome. He will

then fly aboard a Chinese aircraft to Hangchow for a day's sightseeing before departing on February 27 from Shanghai for Alaska and Washington.

Although many details of the trip are still secret, it is likely that in Peking the President and Mrs. Nixon will stay in a government guest house near the Jade Abyss Pool on the capital's western outskirts. On the evening of their arrival, there may well be a state banquet in the Great Hall of the People, the all-purpose government entertainment center. Before departing for Hangchow, the President, it is thought, will repay his hosts with a banquet, also in the Great Hall. The Chinese will supply the food, but Nixon is carrying in American champagne for the occasion.

The Chinese are clearly going out of their way to make Nixon's visit pleasant and untroubled. On the eve of the journey, China is undergoing a great wave of repainting, face scrubbing and sign switching. Slogans refer-

PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON



CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG



THE WORLD

ring bluntly to "U.S. imperialists and their running dogs" have been replaced by blander remarks about "the unity of the world's peoples." In some cases, however, it is impossible to tell whether the bustle is caused solely by the impending visit. Since Nixon will reach Peking only six days after the start of China's New Year, a traditional cleanup time, much of the activity is undoubtedly in honor of the Year of the Rat.

Despite the enormous publicity buildup for the Peking summit, both sides have cautioned against expecting too much to come from it. Practically speaking, the White House hopes to achieve a few small substantive gains and does not expect anything large or sensational. The central objective is to establish a permanent channel for communications between Peking and Washington. An exchange of ambassadors is not likely until there is a solution of the Taiwan problem. But perhaps a hot line similar to the one that links Moscow and Washington might

be installed between the two capitals.

During his two earlier visits to Peking, Kissinger worked out an agenda with Premier Chou En-lai for the talks, which will be held in secret. The meetings, probably daily ones with Chou and at least one with Mao, will cover a wide variety of topics, including the release of the remaining three American prisoners in China (likely, but later), an exchange of artists, athletes and journalists (almost certain), increases in trade (very likely, but limited) and landing rights for U.S. commercial airlines in China (maybe later). There will also be talks (probably inconclusive) about divided Korea, Sino-Soviet relations and the future relationships between the U.S. and China in Asia. Still another subject for discussion is the future of Taiwan. The U.S. will not, of

course, abandon its treaty agreements with the island republic. But Washington has finally accepted Peking's position that the future of Taiwan is essentially an internal Chinese problem, to be worked out by Peking and Taipei. Peking seems to accept the logic of the U.S. position that it cannot sever its commitment to Taiwan until Peking and Taipei work out a settlement.

Big Impact. Repeatedly, Nixon and Kissinger have stressed that no deals affecting third countries will be made in Peking. That applies only in a limited sense. To be sure, the Indochina war will not be settled in Peking. China lacks both the inclination and the influence to force a settlement on Hanoi. In a broader sense, however, a Sino-American understanding about the future of the war and of Southeast

RIKHOUS-NASRUM INTERFOTO MTI



THE FORBIDDEN CITY



TRAFFIC ON PEKING STREET

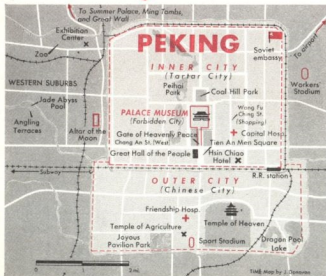


Peking: City of Power

CHINA'S capital (pop. 7,000,000) was already an ancient city when Genghis Khan's hordes descended upon it in 1211. Its chief industry, now as in the past, is the struggle for and exercise of power. The gardens and yellow-roofed pavilions of the fabled Forbidden City recall the might of Peking's earlier proprietors, the Mings and the Chings. The Communists have added their own monuments: tree-lined boulevards, the hundred-acre Tiananmen Square and the white-pillared Great Hall of the People, where the Nixons will likely be welcomed in a banquet room that seats 5,000 and rivals the old Imperial Palace in size.

The President will probably see the classic Ming tombs and the Great Wall. Pat is expected to tour a children's hospital, a school, a factory, the Summer Palace and Peking's shops. But off-limits, as they have been for more than 20 years even to most Chinese, will be some of the most scenic areas, among them the idyllic Central-South Lakes, where Mao Tse-tung lives in a one-story house.

Today, Peking teems without being vital. Much of its brooding medieval beauty was lost when the Red regime in the 1950s took down major sections of the massive red gates and walls that once overlooked the Forbidden City. Scenically if not strategically, the vast underground air raid shelter system that was completed in 1970 has been a poor substitute.



Asia would have great impact. If, for example, Washington and Peking threw their support behind Malaysia's call for the neutralization of Southeast Asia, they might conceivably become the joint guarantors of the area's security against potential Soviet incursions.

Offsetting the harm done to U.S. alliances, most notably with Japan, is the fact that the opening to Peking undercuts what was a Soviet advantage in world politics. In the past, the Soviets profited from an unequal arrangement whereby they were dealing with Washington and Peking but neither of those capitals was in contact with the other. The lack of communication with Peking had denied the U.S. the option of supporting China, if it wished, and thus checkmating the Soviet Union. By the same token, the lack of a Peking-to-

Washington leg in the triangular relationship gave the Soviets an advantage over China, which lacks a nuclear arsenal large enough to make its own military strength credible against Moscow's overpowering array of strategic weapons.

Cultural Shock. It was a deep fear of the Soviet Union that caused China to make the drastic diplomatic shift that has made a Peking summit possible. As China began to recover from the xenophobic frenzy of the 1966-69 Cultural Revolution, Chou and other Chinese leaders, mindful of Moscow's 1968 actions in Czechoslovakia, were deeply alarmed by the threats of a Soviet pre-emptive nuclear strike and Russia's million-man buildup on China's northern border.

The Chinese leaders were equally

alarmed that many countries, frightened by China's internal convulsions and irrational behavior, might indeed have regarded a Russian intervention as a laudable public service. Under Chou's leadership (see following story) China began to reassert the image of sane and responsible world power. Chinese embassies, which had ceased to function during the Cultural Revolution, were restaffed, and China began to search for alignments that would offset the Soviet threat.

During that search the Chinese became intrigued by the diplomatic potentialities created by Richard Nixon's conduct of U.S. policy in Asia. As long as the U.S. had been building up its military power on the Asian mainland, Peking had regarded the U.S. as a dangerous threat. But the Nixon Doctrine,

TORONTO GLOBE AND MAIL



SNOW REMOVAL IN CHINA'S CAPITAL

TOPPING—RAPID GULLWETTE ALLOUS—GAMMA



CANAL IN DOWNTOWN SHANGHAI



HANGCHOW LAKESIDE PAVILION

• HAWAII •

Hangchow: Resort of Leaders

ALIGHTHEARTED, relaxed garden town studded with classic temples and pagodas and elegant villas, Hangchow (pop. 800,000) is China's Florence. Famous for its silks and teas, Hangchow is a favorite resort of China's leaders. Mao Tse-tung frequently retires to his retreat on mist-shrouded West Lake, sometimes merely to escape the rigors of the capital, sometimes to hold informal, substantive meetings with foreign visitors after the Peking formalities are out of the way.

West Lake, ringed by hills of transcendental beauty, is the centerpiece of a city redolent with memories of imperial history. Marco Polo, who saw Hangchow in the 13th century before it was savaged by Mongol invaders, found it "the most splendid city in the world." Its streets were "as smooth as the floor of a ballroom," its waters were rippled by "an endless procession of barges," its courtyards were "intent upon nothing but bodily pleasure and the delights of society."

The Nixons, who will probably stay as do most Western VIPs at a government guest house overlooking West Lake, will find the ambience somewhat different. In 1921, a group of young intellectuals from Shanghai met secretly on a sampan on nearby South Lake to organize the Chinese Communist Party. Today, the only people in Hangchow visibly intent on bodily pleasure are the shadowboxers who materialize in the lakeside parks to exercise every morning.

Shanghai: Town of Merchants

THE half-caste child of East and West, Shanghai was built mainly by 19th century European merchants. It has become—in perhaps too many ways—China's New York. It is the nation's largest city (10 million people) and the busiest port in the Communist world, with China's most extensive industry and, consequently, its thickest smog. It also has one of China's largest slums. The hunger and diseases that used to snuff out the lives of thousands of infants annually during the 1930s have gone. But so have the sin and the aura of intrigue and the giddy opulence. The once-imposing semicircle of banks and commercial houses along the Hwang Pu River only dimly reflects the day when Western tycoons lounged in the lobby of the Cathay (now Peace) Hotel or wheeled around in bulletproof cars.

But the old vitality persists. The crowds in Shanghai are noticeably better dressed than in any other Chinese city. The Nanking Road shops are far snappier than anything in Peking. The Communists have been diligently de-Westernizing the city (one street name that has unaccountably survived is Ko An, named for Morris ["Two Gun"] Cohen, a London-born freebooter who was one of Sun Yat-sen's bodyguards). But if Nixon tours the industrial fair during his one-day stay in the city, he might well have a sense of *déjà vu* while inspecting the locally made automobiles. Those Shanghai sedans look remarkably like Chinese Checkers.

with its emphasis on U.S. disengagement in Asia, as well as the President's efforts to wind down the war, made an opening to Washington an attractive line of action for Peking.

For the U.S., the shaping of a new relationship with Peking also made eminent good sense. In seeking to extricate the U.S. from the war, Nixon became convinced that the old strategy of applying U.S. force to resist Communist inroads at all points no longer was a wise or feasible policy. If nothing else, the Sino-Soviet split had made Communist aggression far less likely in Asia. If the U.S. no longer felt compelled to combat Communism at every point, it followed that there was little sense in treating China as an enemy or in denying it a legitimate sphere of interest in Asia. And so the dialogue began.

Renewed Concern. The beginning of that dialogue has stirred up all sorts of hopes and interests about China among Americans. Some of the interest is pure fad—the fascination with baggy peasant suits and spicy Szechwan cooking, for instance. But the fact is that the last 23 years of ill will and hatred represent an aberration in the history of Sino-American relations, and the renewed concern about China is a restoration of normalcy. America's attachment to China dates back to the mid-19th century, when the U.S. derived considerable moral satisfaction from befriending the helpless, prostrate country and exerting its diplomacy to limit the exploitation by other Western powers. In the ensuing decades, China became the prime beneficiary of the U.S. missionary movement, which along with Christianity brought education, health services, and a political philosophy that helped spark China's first democratic revolution in 1911.

In a historic tumble of events, the missionary movement was swept aside by a larger, more militant native movement, which combined raw terror with a renaissance Chinese nationalism. In the process, China has been transformed into a new society whose ideology and structure would defy reconciliation with the U.S.—unless the U.S. too became a Maoist-style revolutionary society. Still, the old legacy of American friendship toward China, combined with a large measure of Yankee curiosity, undoubtedly helped account for the overwhelming approval with which the American people welcomed Nixon's new policy toward Peking.

Chou: The Man in Charge

Peking looms as a summit wreathed in mystery and uncertainty—and not only because no one can predict its outcome with any certainty. China is still emerging from the throes of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and muffled convulsions continue in the highest reaches of the regime. Who, in fact, rules China? So far as is known, there is no vertical hierarchy, no line of succession. There is Chairman Mao, 78, the Chinese revolution's ever more remote deity. Then there is Premier Chou En-lai, 73, the government's chief—and almost only—public presence.

President Nixon thus pursues his negotiations with a two-man gerontocracy whose days must be numbered, actually or not necessarily in political terms. The passing of either man from the scene could mean an explosive end to China's fragile surface stability—not to mention any understandings that Nixon might bring back from the Communist capital.

Nixon will be greeted by Mao in Peking, and at the end of the trip may see him again in Hangchow, the Chairman's usual retreat from the icy Mongolian winds that sweep down on the capital in February. But the man who will deal with the President on the issues is Chou, a brilliant, subtle, ruthless and endlessly flexible statesman who is at the apex of his extraordinary career.

At least in the world's eyes, Chou was already the commanding figure in China when the Nixon trip was announced seven months ago. Since then his role in the country's affairs has grown

even more decisive. The reason is the power struggle that came to a climax last September in a violent purge of hundreds of officials allied with Defense Minister Lin Piao, Mao's designated successor as party chairman and the No. 2 man in the hierarchy.

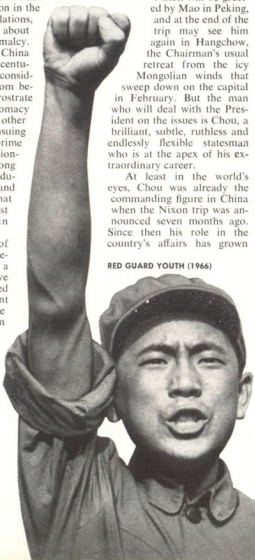
Bonapartism. Lin's fall and Chou's move to the forefront is the latest turn in the long and often murky history of political combat in Peking. The regime reached its peak of strength and unity in the years just following the 1949 takeover. But in the mid-1950s, Mao began launching his doomed experiments: the brief Hundred Flowers liberalization, which resulted in persistent "indiscipline" in the party ranks, and the Great Leap Forward, which was an economic fiasco. Mao's mistakes opened the way for challenges to his power by ambitious or disenchanted rivals. After the Great Leap stumbled in the late 1950s, Mao was rudely shouldered out of China's presidency by his own protégé, Liu Shao-chi, who championed work incentives and other "revisionist" economic innovations that were anathema to Mao. Isolated in the party chairmanship, Mao looked for a means of regaining power—and found the army. With Lin Piao, the army chief, he planned the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, which would use the exuberance of the youthful, radical Red Guards to shake up the party—and shake out Liu and his group.

Mao was not entirely successful. Liu fell, but control of the party still eluded Mao's grasp. It passed instead to Lin Piao's now highly politicized army, which eagerly stepped in to take charge of the country when Red Guard rampages began to threaten total chaos.

Some China watchers speculate that Lin's downfall last September was at least partly related to the Nixon trip; according to this view, Lin bitterly opposed a rapprochement with the U.S. and argued instead for an accommodation with the Soviets. More likely, however, Lin was a casualty of what China Expert A. Doak Barnett describes as "Mao's strong impulse to build up a successor—and then turn on him, because he becomes too much of a competitor." Mao found key support among many unhappy army professionals. Under Lin, China's troops became postmen, plant managers, policemen—almost anything but soldiers. By last summer, says Washington Sinologist Ralph Powell, the Lin faction's grip on the country was so comprehensive that it seemed "China was on the verge of what in Marxist terms is known as Bonapartism." It was then that Mao struck back.

Enter Chou En-lai. As foreign diplomats in Peking have lately heard the story, Mao summoned

RED GUARD YOUTH (1966)



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Chou at the height of the crisis. He asked Chou to take over complete direction of the country—party, army, economy and domestic affairs, as well as Chou's current preoccupation, foreign policy. Chou agreed on condition that he be given a free hand to move China as quickly as possible toward a more stable collective leadership—in effect, a post-Mao regime.

It is characteristic, when events run awry, for Mao to beat a brooding, temporary retreat—and to call in Chou, his confidant, fixer and chief executive officer, to set things in order. This time Chou had a formidable task before him. The Lin purge, it is now apparent, had virtually gutted China's central government. Of the 21 Politburo members elected in 1969, only eleven are in evidence. Fourteen of 15 vice premier-ships are vacant. Something like 200 of the army's most senior officers have disappeared; Lin's once powerful cabal within the party's military affairs commission, which was the key to his growing power, has been virtually obliterated. No replacements have been named for the purged chiefs of the army, air force and navy. At times, the now ubiquitous Chou appears to be something like the lone fellow on the battlements who runs from portal to portal, firing all the guns to make it look as if he had a full complement of troops behind him.

As yet, Western observers have no way of confirming the fantastic stories being circulated in Peking to explain the Lin purge—namely, that Lin had made attempts on Mao's life, and then tried to flee the country, only to be killed, along with his wife and son, when his British-built Trident jetliner crashed in Mongolia on the night of Sept. 12. Last week French legislators back from a Peking visit reported being told by Chinese officials that Lin was alive but "politically eliminated."

With the Tide. Preoccupied mainly with foreign policy and economic matters, Chou has hardly begun to try to put Mao's regime back together. He has brought some old, trusted comrades out of retirement, among them former Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, a Long March veteran, who was abruptly trotted up to the No. 4 position in the Politburo and has been on hand at Henry Kissinger's visits. Out in the provinces, where Mao was trying to put civilians back into key party positions (following his dictum that "the gun must never be allowed to control the party"), Chou has compromised. The soldiers are under pressure to "modestly learn from the people," as one slogan puts it, but they have not been levered out of the party committees, where they still hold sway over the civilians.

Chou's task is complicated by the fact that he has no political following, no power base other than his close, 40-year relationship with Mao Tse-tung. In the past, those have been assets. Chou has been on the Politburo for 42

years, longer (by three years) than Mao; this durability reflects his skill at avoiding passionate commitments to policies or dogma. In that sense, Chou is utterly unlike Mao. "Chou is a conformist," says Rand Corp. Sinologist Thomas Robinson. "He often swims with the tide. Mao wants to cause—and, if necessary, reverse—the tide."

"Time to Stop." Chou found the currents he wanted to swim with early in his life. Sun Yat-sen's democratic revolution against the crumbling Manchukuo dynasty was just getting under way when Chou (pronounced Joe) was born into a family of impecunious gentry in

Communist operatives—and sometimes their families, relatives and friends—who had collaborated with the Nationalists.

Americans have seen Chou most often as the regime's suave spokesman and negotiator. He was an instant hit with the American liaison team that went to Yenan in 1944 to coordinate war efforts against the Japanese. One member of the team, John Emerson, recalls that Chou was a charming regular at the ersatz Saturday-night dances. "The orchestra was a strange combination of a violin and Chinese instruments, and the senior officials would shuffle around with their wives on a makeshift dance floor. Chou always participated with great enthusiasm and skill in these performances."

At times, however, Chou's Mandarin sense of decorum would assert itself. During cocktails at Emerson's house one evening, some of the Americans began to loosen up, and the call went out for more liquor to replenish Emerson's dwindling stock. "It was the only time I saw Chou a little bit annoyed," Emerson says. "He then began whispering to me that now was the time to stop."

Frail-looking and elegantly tailored, Chou seems sedate and almost epicene by comparison with the earthy, hard-living ex-soldiers who were his colleagues in building Red China. Mao, for instance, is married to his fourth wife, Chiang Ching. Chou, despite his silken sex appeal, has married only once. Small, soft-spoken Teng Ying-chao, whom Chou met in Tientsin in 1919 during a street demonstration,

is often at Chou's side when he hosts foreign dignitaries.

Chou is at his best in face-to-face negotiations, where his personal magnetism and his wit—low-key, ironic and topical—comes into full play. Those who have talked with him marvel at his ability to sit motionless for hours—often till dawn—moving only his head and his hands. In the *Atlantic*, Australian Scholar Ross Terrill described Chou in conversation: "Sitting back in a wicker chair, wrists flapping over the chair's arms, he seems so relaxed as to be without bones, poured into the chair, almost part of it, as persons seem part of their surroundings in old Chinese paintings." When Chou



PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI IN PEKING (1971)
Wit, charm and ruthlessness.

Chekiang, a rural province south of Shanghai. As a teen-ager, young Chou organized a student society called Ching-yeh lo-ch'ün (meaning "Respect Work and Enjoy Group Life"). He studied Marxism in Japan, founded Chinese Communist youth groups in France and Germany. By the time he was 30, Chou was a full-fledged member of the Politburo. During the harsh Long March, Chou established his lasting relationship with Mao. When Mao swept into Peking in 1949, Chou was ready with plans for China's new Communist government. On more than one occasion during the early struggles with Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang, Chou personally ordered the execution of

THE WORLD

stands up, his visitors are often startled to find that he is about as tall and broad as, say, Dick Cavett. One American diplomat who recently saw him for the first time in years says: "It is really staggering how he has shriveled physically. He is 73. But for a Chinese he looks much older." Still, Chou works an 18- to 20-hour day, sleeps mostly in catnaps.

Outside China, there are few Chou haters. One U.S. diplomat who dealt with him in the 1940s says that he was "the smoothest liar I ever met. Whether what he told you was the straight truth or an out-and-out lie, he always projected total sincerity. And yet he was impossible to dislike." Chou's recent visitors have invariably found him immensely civilized, reasonably cosmopolitan and statesmanlike. Henry Kissinger, an unabashed admirer, says that "he is not a petty man. He has large views." To France's peerless man of all letters, André Malraux, the Chinese Premier is "neither truculent nor jovial; faultlessly urbane and as reticent as a cat."

"Good Job." Now that he is at the center of policy, domestic as well as foreign, Chou is politically exposed as he has never been before. The question is: Can his wit, charm and sheer ruthlessness hold China together? Should Mao die before him, Chou could probably administer, but would be unable to rule. Conversely, if Chou should die first, the aging Chairman would be a ruler without administrative power. Right now, Doak Barnett argues, Chou "has the advantage of being the only truly top survivor. He will probably make it, and do a good job of it."

Other experts concur, although they point out that Chou currently has plenty of built-in instability to deal with. On the present eleven-man Politburo, where he currently ranks No. 2, he can count on the backing of two other moderates—Yeh Chien-ying and Deputy Premier Li Hsien-nien. Trouble, though, is always present in the person of the relentlessly radical Chiang Ching (No. 3 in the hierarchy), who is backed by two loyal leftists, Mao, who is the remaining active member (the others are either very old or based far from Peking), can throw the balance either way. Western observers know the names—but not the inclinations or loyalties—of some younger men who appear to be rising through the party ranks toward the Politburo.

As a result, sinologists forecast a lengthy period of uncertainty for China, perhaps followed by a period of further regionalization. Even now, many large areas of the country are virtually autonomous. Eventually, some of the regional strongholds—Szechwan, say, or Manchuria—could produce leaders with claims to national power. All that is certain now is that the men at the center will not be Mao and Chou, but some other figures yet unknown.

Life in the Middle Kingdom

The common people of China are a strong, hardy race, patient, industrious and much given to traffic and all the arts of gain, cheerful and loquacious under the severest labor.

—Lord Macartney, 1794

THAT shrewd comment by England's first envoy to Imperial China remains accurate to this day. China has long been compared, invidiously, to a colony of human ants. The fact is that the devotion to hard labor noted by Macartney is still the nation's most conspicuous characteristic. If the thoughts of Chairman Mao Tse-tung could ever be boiled down to two words, they might plausibly be "work harder."

SAITFOTO



GUARDS ON TIBETAN FRONTIER VISITING VILLAGERS

The emphasis on the work ethic points up one of the key realities of life in the land of Mao. Despite the social upheaval created by the revolution, there still is much of the old Middle Kingdom in China today. Although Mandarin is established as the official language, the nation's 50 major dialects and more than 1,000 variants persist in daily use. The Chinese have lost nothing in their devotion to the pleasure of the table; most foreign visitors return home several pounds heavier, spouting memories of exquisite meals. Women have been officially liberated, and are equal before the law with men; yet some marriages are still formally arranged. Young people as well as old visit burial places in rites of homage to their ancestors.

Westerners who remember the pre-1949 China, however, have been almost euphorically impressed by the transformation that Communism has achieved. The people, visitors note, appear happy, relaxed and well fed. Markets and department stores are well stocked, although the prices of luxury items are al-

most prohibitive: a good camera, for example, costs \$80. City streets are clean and orderly, and traffic jams are created by bicycles rather than cars. There is no litter, no beggars, no prostitution, no drug addiction, no alcoholism. Almost everyone wears drab, heavy-duty work clothes—children, however, are gaily and colorfully dressed—but there is no sense of utter poverty. Instead, workers and peasants alike beamingly tell Western visitors of their faith in Mao and his works, and convey a sense of happy participation in their society. Prof. Victor Sidel, of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York, was favorably impressed by the quality of Chinese med-

icine on his trip last September: "I'm tempted to say, 'I've seen the future and it works.'"

However pleasing its surface appears, China's "future" is one that most Americans would find intolerable. Party control of thought and intellectual life is total. Virtually everyone works an average ten hours a day, six days a week, and sometimes the seventh day is taken up with obligatory lectures and self-study sessions. Until last December, not a single new literary work of any kind other than a few poems or short stories eulogizing Mao had been published in China for nearly five years. Operas, films and drama are all propaganda pieces of socialist realism. Life in China may be stable and secure—but it is also, from a Western viewpoint, almost unbearably confined and boring.

On the Land. China under Mao has made rapid strides toward industrialization—not just in its ability to make weapons of war but in the production of trucks, railroad rolling stock and farm machinery. (Last year, China produced an estimated 21 million tons



WOMAN STREET CLEANER

worker probably would have to save two years for it, while thousands of Americans could buy it on a day's pay.

In his vivid *Atlantic* account of life in China, Journalist Ross Terrill suggested that the foundation of its revolution rests on what he refers to as a "Blessed Trinity": the peasant, the worker and the soldier. A descriptive summary of their routine lives says much about what China is like today:

THE PEASANT. A worker at the Ma Chang Commune in Honan will rise at dawn, come rain or shine. Before a breakfast of corn dumpling soup and tea, he will spend two hours plowing the stony earth while his wife cleans their two-room hut, then joins him in the fields. A member of a 300-man production team—one of six on the commune—he will then have to face three hours in the field before a brief lunch of millet, sorghum and tea. Then it is back to the fields until sundown. Before supper—occasionally it may include meat, chicken or some other delicacy—there may be time for the peasant to work on his private plot of land, on which he grows vegetables to vary the family diet and for extra cash.

On this particular commune, the pay of a peasant is 30 yuan a month—roughly \$12. But the farmer pays only 1 yuan a month in rent, 6¢ to 8¢ for cigarettes and, as likely as not, nothing

free, thanks to the "barefoot doctors"—medical technicians who are assigned to all communes. Television on the commune is, of course, unheard-of. Many families have radios, though, and from time to time entertainment is provided by touring companies of actors and musicians.

There is a dulling sameness to the peasant's life. Still, most commune dwellers are grateful to have seen the end of the bad old days before the revolution. Then there was an eternal debt that could never be paid, abuse from a landlord whose word was law, wandering soldiers who stole and confiscated.

THE WORKER. To a factory worker in Detroit or even Moscow, the life of his counterpart in Shanghai or Peking would appear uncomfortably lackluster. But as the peasant in Honan sees it, his comrade assigned to an engine plant or machine shop is blessed with unimaginable luxury. Not only are wages higher than on the farms, but there are the attractions of city life—cinemas, stores, parks, athletic events—that provide some brightness to China's overall blue-gray drabness.

If a worker is single, he may share a flat with a factory colleague, and pay perhaps 5 yuan a month in rent. The apartment will be heated with a coal stove, if at all; the privy is outside. If he has a wife and child, a worker is eligible to move into one of the vast new government-built apartment complexes, complete with gardens and nearby day nurseries. Largely because the government controls migration to the cities, China does not have an acute urban housing shortage. A newly married couple, for example, can obtain a place to live in three or four weeks.

Like the peasant, the city worker rises early—usually by 6:30. More often than not, he lives within a few minutes' bicycle ride of his factory. The workday begins at 7:30, not at the assembly line but in the factory recreation hall, with a study session on Maoist thought. Working conditions are adequate: safety regulations spell out the proper procedures for operating machinery, for instance, but set down few guidelines for personal safety. Factories pay compensation, however, for job-caused injuries or death. Foremen tend to be chosen mainly for their job expertise, though political correctness remains important too, and the ablest serve on the factory's all-powerful revolutionary committee. Even large Western-style factories with assembly lines are not air-conditioned or heated; workers sweat in hot weather, shiver in the cold. The actual work hours are from 8:30 till noon and from 1 to 4:30; the pace, by American standards, is fairly relaxed. Unless an afternoon study session is scheduled, the worker is then free to go home.

Shopping is not a major problem. Many big stores stay open for business until late in the evening; some are open



PEASANTS USE OXEN TO PLOW TERRACED LAND IN COMMUNE
Routine working lives for the "Blessed Trinity."

of steel, compared with the U.S. total of 120 million tons.) Nonetheless, eight of every ten Chinese still live and work on the land. Vast rural communes, some with a work force of more than 50,000 peasants, dominate the landscape. One of Mao's principal goals has been the equalization of life in the cities and life on the farms. That he has not yet achieved. In general, housing and wages are considerably better in the cities, but in comparison with, say, the U.S., even the urban worker comes off badly. A new bicycle, for instance, costs \$70 to \$85, but a Chinese factory

ing at all for books or magazines; despite the massive literacy campaigns, the majority of peasants are still functionally illiterate. The farmer's children, though, attend the commune school, where elementary math is taught in concrete, even ominous terms. A typical question: "How many guns have four militiamen each armed with two guns?"

The basic foodstuffs—rice, noodles and breadstuffs—are obtained by the peasant as his share of the production of his commune, which is run by a revolutionary committee. Medical care is



NEW CHINESE SEDANS ON DISPLAY IN SHANGHAI

The wages are low, the markets are well stocked, the luxuries are expensive.



WESTERN-STYLE CLOTHING IN WINDOW OF PEKING STORE

all night. As a rule, a worker's first luxury purchase after the necessary bicycle is a radio (218 yuan, or \$92), perhaps a wristwatch (\$34).

THE SOLDIER. A few million homes across China are privileged to display two red banners. One says: THE PEOPLE MUST LEARN FROM THE P.L.A., AND THE P.L.A. MUST LEARN FROM THE PEOPLE. The other reads: WHEN A MAN JOINS THE P.L.A., HIS WHOLE FAMILY IS HONORED. The posters are awarded to parents whose sons pass the stiff medical and political examinations—90% of applicants fail—for entry into the all-volunteer, 3,000,000-man People's Liberation Army.

In China's distant past, a soldier belonged to the bottom level of society; these days, military service is considered an honor and a privilege. Although ready for war, the P.L.A., practically speaking, is a peacetime army. It has not been involved in any large-scale fighting since the brief Sino-Indian conflict of 1962, but some units engaged in sharp combat against Russian forces on the northern frontier in 1969 and there were several pitched battles with the Red Guards in the late '60s. In the wake of the Cultural Revolution, soldiers have been employed by Chou as civil administrators, and they run everything from post offices to railroads, factories and communes.

After a recruit has passed the exam, he spends six months in basic training (mostly drill, field exercises without live ammunition, and political indoctrination) before being assigned to a regular army unit. Except for the heavy emphasis on politics, the daily routine of a Chinese soldier is much like that of a private in any army. Reveille is shortly after 5 a.m., followed by exercises, a political discussion, breakfast at 7:30, then two or three more hours of discussion before lunch. Drill is usually in the afternoon. After supper (5:30) there are two hours of farm work, followed by yet another political study session. Lights are out at

9:30. Officers and men wear almost identical gray-green uniforms.

Compared with peasants or even workers, soldiers are well fed. While on leave they are permitted to buy unlimited amounts of rationed food and cloth. Base salary is only 6 yuan a month, but there are allowances for families and a special food ration of 50 lbs. of rice a month during the spring and autumn harvests. The normal enlistment period is three years, and can be extended for one-year terms. After his service is over, a soldier is assigned to a "rehabilitation regiment" to prepare for civilian life. Once discharged, the veteran has little trouble finding a job, either as a security officer or, if he has received technical training, in some related field. The ex-soldier automatically becomes a member of the local militia and must return to service if called. His reward for his tour of duty: a month's extra pay for every year of service, a discharge certificate and two uniforms.

The ongoing Communist revolution in China is conceivably the most ambitious—one might even say the most arrogant—in human history. Its goal is not merely to transform the institutions of society but, in the words of St. Paul, to "put on the new man"—to reshape the soul and spirit of an entire people. By material standards, the achievements of this revolution are already considerable: China, for nearly a century the sick man of Asia, is now a feared and respected world power.

Like all revolutions, Mao's single-minded struggle to transform China has been achieved at a terrible cost. No one knows for sure how many people died in the aftermath of the Communist conquest in 1949, or even in the considerably smaller-scale clashes of the Cultural Revolution. Beyond that, the revolution has cruelly stultified a proud intellectual heritage that was forged almost 1,000 years before Confucius and Lao Tze. All art, music, theater and poetry that is not of and by the people

—that is, a large number of the masterpieces in China's cultural history—has been destroyed or declared "corrupt" and "decadent." Intellectuals, along with landlords and survivors of the bourgeoisie, have been the chief victims of China's purges. The worst excesses of the Cultural Revolution are now over; the universities, closed for four years, have now been re-opened. But who is left to teach, and what to learn? Under Mao, China has taken the daring gamble that a great nation can survive without a free-ranging life of the mind.

There are great risks inherent in so bold an effort to create a perfect, homogeneous society. One is that the dream will fail, or succeed only to the point that it reinforces the social phenomenon so well described by Karl Marx, alienation. There are signs of such alienation in the Soviet Union, in the form of youth gangs who find surcease not in doctrine but in alcohol and crime. And for all the glowing reports from shielded Western travelers, there is at least some alienation and crime in China as well: factory cities of the north are plagued by the so-called *hei jen* (black persons)—youngsters who have run away from the communes and eke out an illegal existence on the streets.

The Soviet Union, although still a totalitarian society, has mellowed considerably since Stalin's death. China, too, may relax and loosen after its present leaders are gone, but the process of doing so may prove traumatic. There is risk to a would-be seamless society when its people are exposed to other ways of life, other modes of liberty. The Chinese are the most self-confident of peoples. A greater experience of Western ways may convince them that, apart from advancements in technology, there is nothing to learn or emulate. On the other hand, the human contacts that will presumably follow Richard Nixon's historic Peking venture may also raise more doubts that the road of Mao is not necessarily the road to paradise.

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Now, if you're worried about overeating, just take a look at your child. If he's not fat, he's probably not overeating.

Remember, the key to good nutrition for both children and adults is a proper balance every day of protein, minerals, vitamins, fats. And carbohydrates, of which sugar is one. In moderation, sugar has a place in a balanced diet.

Sugar. It isn't just good flavor; it's good food.



Nutritional one-man gang. One slice of white enriched bread with 2 tbs. peanut butter and 1 tbs. jelly supplies 10 gm. protein, 31 gm. carbohydrate, 15 gm. fat, 323 mg. sodium, 248 mg. potassium, 41 mg. calcium, 1.5 mg. iron, significant amounts of thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin, and 305 calories.

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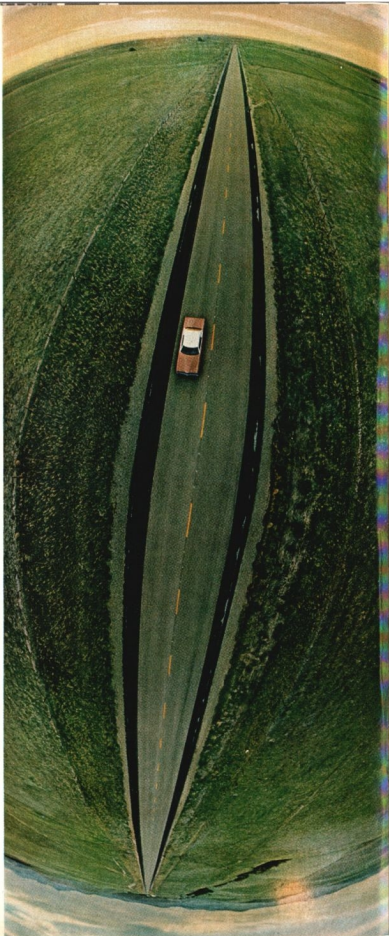
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NORTHERN IRELAND

Facing a Common Ruin

THANK GOD! exulted the banner headline on the London *Sun*. It was, in a way, an expression of the nation's collective relief. The massive march by Catholic civil rights protesters through the border town of Newry had been peaceful, with no repetition of Londonderry's Bloody Sunday, which saw 13 people killed by British army bullets. Later in the week, Ulster remained relatively calm during a "day of disruption" called by Catholics to mark the first six months of the government's policy of internment. Brief though it might turn out to be, the respite from violence and tension gave all parties concerned a chance to think again

which is giving increasing support to the North. With the Londonderry deaths, Britain's hopes of getting Ireland Prime Minister John Lynch's cooperation in curbing I.R.A. activities in the south virtually disappeared. Last week, reflecting the popular mood, charges were dropped in an Irish court against the leader of an eight-man Provisional I.R.A. team that allegedly fought a border skirmish with British troops last month. Boycotts of British goods have been reported throughout the Republic, and in some areas anti-British feeling is running so high that it could endanger Ireland's Common Market referendum this spring.

In Northern Ireland, the alienation of the Catholic third of the population is very nearly total. Adding to Britain's problems is the ever-present danger of

ernment or "dig still deeper trenches for a long and bloody battle."

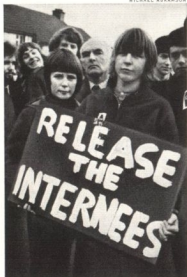
With Ulster on the verge of flames, what can Heath do? He is not yet ready to anger the Protestants by disbanding the Stormont government and imposing direct rule from London—but perhaps he may be pushed into taking over Stormont's police powers. He certainly cannot remove British troops without risking the possibility of civil war between Catholics and Protestants. Some Britons are advocating, however, that he set a date for withdrawing the army, thereby giving both sides a deadline for working out a settlement.

Bill of Rights. As a first step, he has virtually begged Northern Ireland's Catholic leadership to negotiate with him. "We are not asking them to give up their ideas about internment," said



BRITAIN'S EDWARD HEATH

The British government's proposals may be reasonable enough, but will they come too late?



MARCHERS IN NEWRY

a Protestant backlash. The Orangemen have been remarkably quiescent during the recent weeks of violence and terror, but militant Protestants were angry and restive over the Catholics' success at Newry in defying the Ulster government's ban on parades and demonstrations. Last week William Craig, a leader of hard-line members of the ruling Unionist Party, announced the formation of the "Ulster Vanguard," whose 60,000 members, he said, were prepared to make "the supreme sacrifice" to ward off any threat to the existence of Protestant-dominated Ulster as part of the United Kingdom.

Another man in the middle, Ulster's Prime Minister Brian Faulkner, has tried to serve as a balancing force against Protestant extremists, even though he has lost all credibility with the Catholics. He denounced the march at Newry last week as "an exercise in irresponsible brinkmanship." But he also told Protestants that they must accept more Catholics in the Stormont gov-



ULSTER'S BRIAN FAULKNER

Heath, "or their aspirations for a united Ireland. We are simply asking them to meet with other legitimate representatives of the people of Northern Ireland to discuss how conditions of peace can be restored." In addition, the British Prime Minister is said to be considering an easing of the internment policy, an offer of economic aid to reduce unemployment (now 8% in Ulster v. 4.3% in Britain as a whole), a bill of rights, and a guarantee that Catholics will henceforth have a proportionate role in the provincial government.

The proposals themselves are reasonable enough. The question is whether they come too late to save the two Irelands from what Scholar-Diplomat Conor Cruise O'Brien describes as the threat of "a common ruin, a sort of unity in the grave." The prospects are not encouraging. Even during a week of what these days is relative calm in Ulster, eight men were killed, 42 were injured and 28 bombs exploded.

POLAND

Realistic Compromise

In the 14 months since Poland's pragmatic Party Boss Edward Gieriek took power, the nation's writers and intellectuals—reflecting the view of Poles in general—have found that it is possible to live with Gieriek's moderate regime. Stage Director Kazimierz Dejmek has returned from exile and is again in favor; he was disgraced in 1968 for putting on a heavily anti-Russian production of Patriot-Poet Adam Mickiewicz's 19th century play *Dziady*, which included the line "The only things Moscow sends us are jackasses, idiots and spies." Writer Stefan Kisielewski, who was severely beaten in 1968 for calling the government "a dictatorship of dimwits," has been allowed under Gieriek to travel abroad. Of the 939 books to be published this year, more than half are by contemporary authors, some of whom have not seen print in more than a decade.

Party's Watchdogs. Last week, as delegates of the 1,130-member Polish Writers' Union gathered in Lodz, Poland's second largest city, they were clearly not inclined to endanger those gains. Another congress in 1968 had vigorously protested the cultural repression of Gieriek's predecessor, Wladyslaw Gomulka, and brought down the wrath of the regime. Jewish writers were particular targets; Antoni Slonimski, a patriarch of contemporary Polish literature, was denounced by Gomulka as "not a proper Pole."

This time, instead of overt defiance, the liberals concentrated on tactical victories and "a moderate, measured show of strength," as Slonimski put it. The large Warsaw chapter of the union

voted down most of the government slate of potential delegates, and sent a more independent and distinguished group to Lodz. At the convention, a total of seven liberals—including Zbigniew Herbert, Poland's leading lyric poet—were elected to the 24-man executive committee that had previously been composed entirely of conservatives. Jerzy Putrament, who for 20 years has been the party's *politruk*, or watchdog, within the union, was narrowly re-elected to the committee by a single vote—and only because some of his prominent opponents happened to be out of the hall at the time.

Climate of Trust. In contrast to past congresses, government spokesmen went out of their way to be conciliatory. Zbigniew Zaluski, a leading conservative in the union, appealed for "a climate of trust between writers and the government." The new Minister of Culture, Stanislaw Wronski, promised to improve the material conditions of writers, whose wages and royalties have not been increased since 1952.

One issue on everyone's mind was censorship. Even conservative union President Jaroslaw Iwaszkiewicz, 78, complained that Poland's broad censorship makes it impossible to deal with contemporary history. Liberal delegates did not attempt to press for total abolition of censorship. They agreed that Communist Party control in Poland must remain unquestioned, and—remembering the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia—tacitly accepted a ban on any works that would offend the Soviet Union. Instead, they set in motion machinery to make it more difficult for conservatives to expel writers from the union, and determined to press for more precise and less arbitrary censorship rules.

"Every reasonable Pole has to recognize the institution of censorship," Jerzy Andrzejewski, Poland's outstanding postwar novelist, told *TIME* Correspondent Strobe Talbott last week. "Previously, there were many writers in a marginal situation who could not publish, while at the moment I don't see any writer who cannot. This congress has shown that compromise is not a horrible thing. We should not make it more difficult for our politicians. I don't know what the end result will be, but right now we must be realistic and avoid provocation." Edward Gieriek could almost be heard saying Amen.

WEST GERMANY

Farewell to Fasching?

It was to have been Munich's gaudiest, bawdiest Fasching ever. In preparation for the pre-Lenten bacchanal that traditionally enlivens the gray Bavarian midwinter, scores of halls had been decorated with tinfoil, blinking lights, papier-mâché figures of fun, and corners intentionally left dark. No few-

GEOFF MUNKER



"KARNEVAL" PARTY IN BONN

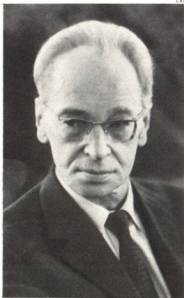
Skiing and sunbathing are more fun.

er than seven carnival princes and princesses had been named, complete with courts and shapely girl guards. All was ready for *Münchener* to abandon themselves, as they always had, to a month of drinking, swiving—judges do not consider adultery grounds for divorce during Fasching—and foolery unequalled anywhere else in Europe.

This year, though, the party has been a flop. The once glittering costume balls have paled in half-empty halls, and the extravagant costumes—and near nudity—of other years have given way to clichés of pirates, gypsies and cowboys. Munich's hotel and restaurant association estimates that overall attendance is down by a third.

Toy Soldiers. Men complain that the girls have never been so unapproachable. Girls complain that the men do not approach. "Matters have got so bad that you kind of miss being pinched," complained a voluptuous blonde in pink veils last week. Madeleine Schmidbauer, 22, a winsome lieutenant in the guard of one of Munich's carnival princes for the past three years, agreed: "Formerly, when we came down the ramp, marching in step, we prided ourselves on being toy soldiers everyone wanted to play with. Now people look at us with the same disdain as they look at the Bundeswehr."

Why? As the Fasching season neared its end on Ash Wednesday this week, there were myriad theories. People variously and contradictorily blamed high prices, fear of a recession, prosperity—"skiing in the Alps and sunbathing in Tenerife is more fun"—or the mildest winter in memory, central heating, and the popularity of dieting. Marlene Krüger, probably West Germany's best-known astrolo-



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True menthol: 13 mgs. tar, 0.7 mgs. nicotine.

True is lower in both tar and nicotine than 99% of all other cigarettes sold. Think about it. Doesn't it all add up to True?



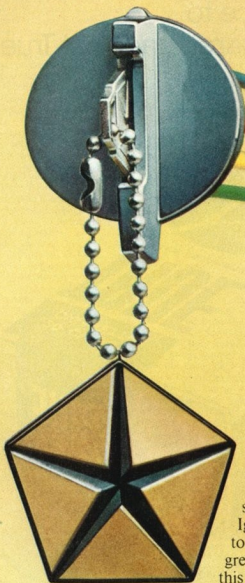
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine.

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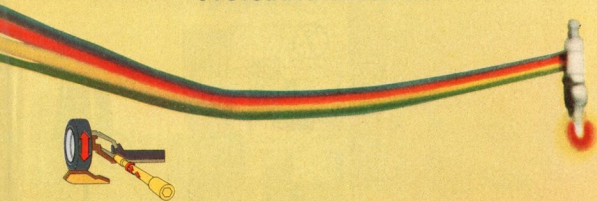
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ger, suggests that *Fasching's* decline was caused by "the interaction of Uranus with the Jupiter-Pluto square in the Aquarian age." Dr. Emil Vierlinger, a locally famed master of *Fasching* ceremonies, suggested that the generation gap might be the reason: "Today's young people celebrate *Fasching* all year long. Any mod store sells more fantastic clothing, and they can dance more wildly and to louder music in any discothèque."

Lost Uplift. None of the theories, however, explain why this year's un-festive gloom clings only to Munich and other Bavarian cities. In the Rhineland, the freewheeling *Karneval* was going strong last week, as noisy and popular as ever. Tickets to *Sitzungen* (cabaret entertainments) were sold out; dances were crowded, and in normally somnolent Bonn the federal government and city administration started closing down last week as celebrating civil servants took to the streets. Seeking to explain the difference, some Germans theorized that wine-drinking Rhinelanders are more lighthearted than stolid, beer-drinking Bavarians. *Münchener* who did not accept that theory could take comfort from another explanation: that their city is more sophisticated than the industrial centers along the Rhine.

ITALY

End of the Coalition?

Italy last week seemed to be heading toward a political fate that most people did not want but no one seemed able to avoid: the dissolution of Parliament and a general election a year ahead of schedule. If that were to happen, it might well mean the demise of the quarrelsome, cumbersome and increasingly inept center-left coalition that has governed the country for the past ten years.

The keystone of the coalition is the Christian Democratic Party—Italy's largest—which has dominated 27 consecutive governments since 1945. For the past decade, the party's strategy has been to try to hold power with the help of the Social Democrats and the farther left Socialists in order to keep the Communists, the nation's second largest political organization, out of office.

During the past year, though, the Christian Democrats have suddenly found their right flank exposed. In last June's local elections, the Neo-Fascist *Movimento Sociale Italiano* made substantial gains by preaching the need for more law-and-order. Now the M.S.I. is trying to rally Catholics to its banner on a referendum against a controversial divorce law that Parliament passed in 1970. In order to keep the vote of Italy's conservative Catholics, the Christian Democrats cannot openly oppose the referendum—but a waffling stance threatens their alliance with the Social-

ists, who are adamantly opposed to repeal of the law.

A more immediate cause of Christian Democratic worries was the defection from the coalition of another party—the slightly left-of-center Republicans, who withdrew last month to protest inflationary government spending. When the Republicans pulled out, Premier Emilio Colombo resigned from office, and Italy since then has been without effective government. President Giovanni Leone asked Colombo to try to form a new one. When he finally admitted failure, Leone turned to yet another Christian Democrat, Giulio Andreotti, the party's floor leader in the Chamber of Deputies.

At week's end Andreotti was holding summit talks with other leaders and tinkering with alternatives. The Christian Democrats still wanted another coalition. Even if Andreotti succeeded in forming one, no one gave such a government much chance to last. If he does not succeed, the most plausible alternative is that the Christian Democrats, who do not have a clear majority in the Chamber, might try to carry on as a one-party *monocolore* government which could be brought down at any time. That would simply be the next step toward dissolving Parliament and sending Italians to the polling booths.

BRITAIN

Forecast: Cold and Dark

Britain labored under a Dickensian midwinter gloom last week. Off went the garish neons of Piccadilly Circus. After twilight, Big Ben could be heard but not seen. Buckingham Palace was lit by candles and hand torches. Millions of Londoners went to and from work beneath dimmed streetlights. Thirty crews of firemen helped rescue people who were trapped in stalled elevators. Dramatizing the nation's

power shortage, one BBC newscaster had to read his bulletin by candlelight. A general synod of the Church of England also was conducted—perhaps fittingly—by candlelight, but that was not what the prelates had intended.

It was Britain's worst power cut-back since electrical workers staged a slowdown a little over a year ago. This time the cause of the crisis was the nation's 280,000 coal miners, who were striking nationwide for the first time in 46 years. With 70% of the country's power dependent on coal fuel, the government late last week declared a state of emergency, and power cuts ranging from 10% to 30% and lasting up to three hours began spreading across the country.

For the moment at least, Britons were taking it on the chin. For one thing, they have been enjoying the mildest winter in years, so power shortages have not yet raised public ire. For another, the miners' demands for pay increases of up to 25% have considerable public sympathy. Their basic salaries now range from \$47 to \$78 a week. Moreover, the government had reacted with something less than urgency to threats of a strike, which had been banded about since summer.

But that mood is likely to change as unemployment rises. Late last week auto and tire factories laid off 30,000 workers—the first of millions who will be without work when power cuts of 50% go into effect this week in thousands of factories. Prospects of an early settlement appear dim. When talks broke down completely last week, Employment and Productivity Minister Robert Carr turned the dispute between the miners and the National Coal Board over to an official court of inquiry, which will take about ten days to complete its report.

To make matters worse, weather-men issued a none too optimistic forecast: colder. And, they might have added, darker.

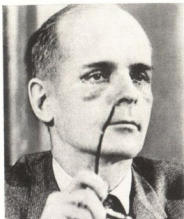
CHIEF CARVER IN LONDON RESTAURANT WORKS BY CANDLELIGHT



PEOPLE

The really big question in Washington was: How did Senator **William Proxmire** (D., Wis.) get two black eyes? Gossips ruled out a barroom brawl (he doesn't drink) or a domestic disagreement (he is separated from his wife). The Senator would only say, "No com-

DPH



BLACK-EYED SENATOR WILLIAM PROXMIRE
Neither drunk nor disorderly.

ment." The most likely explanation was blepharoplasty—plastic surgery to remove bags under the eyes.

"He is the living giant of film history. I would compare him to Picasso in the art world," Martin E. Segal, president of the Film Society of Lincoln Center, was confirming that **Charles Spencer Chaplin** was coming to Manhattan for an 83rd birthday party at the center before going on to Hollywood to receive a special citation at the Academy Awards on April 10. Charlie Chaplin, a British subject who refused to return to the U.S. for 20 years after the Attorney General demanded that he prove his "moral worth," said he had no more hard feelings. "I had my say," declared Charlie. "They said I was a Communist and I said 'So what.' In fact, I never engaged in any Communist activity." Times have changed; **David Rockefeller Jr.** is in charge of the champagne supper and film showing with a price range of \$100 to \$250 per ticket.

In a bit of sisterly hair pulling, Women's Liberator **Betty Friedan** (*The Feminine Mystique*) allowed as how Editor-Founder **Gloria Steinem** of *Ms.* magazine is "ripping off the movement for private profit. The media tried to make her a celebrity." Betty went on, "but no one would mistake her for a leader." Ms. Steinem said that her "stomach dropped" on

hearing the remark. The truth, she replied, "is that the magazine has cost a lot of money, and it continues to cost me money, and every penny is worth it." Ms. Friedan responded by claiming she had been quoted out of context, but Ms. Steinem was having none of it. Though she and others were contributing half of their speaking fees to the movement, she said, "Betty doesn't think it's fair to expect that she should."

Television Newsmen **Walter Cronkite** and Democratic National Committee Chairman **Lawrence O'Brien** were lunching in a Washington restaurant when a man who looked just like **Henry Kissinger** stopped at their table. "Why, Henry," said O'Brien, "I thought you'd be in Paris, or Peking, or some place." "Kissinger is," said Kissinger. "I'm really **Howard Hughes**."

Meeting Philippe de Vosjoli, former head of French intelligence in the U.S., was a lucky break for Novelist **Leon Uris**, who based his popular novel, *Topaz*, on Vosjoli's account of his experiences. Now it is Agent Vosjoli's turn to feel good about the whole thing. The Los Angeles Superior Court has ruled that Uris broke his contract to split the *Topaz* profits with Vosjoli and therefore must pay Vosjoli \$352,350, plus interest, plus half of all future earnings derived from the book.

A nose by any other name would smell as sweet, but the chic nose of the moment in Europe is that of **Princess Anne**, according to Viennese Plastic Surgeon Hans Bruck. At a conference of plastic surgeons in Miami, the veteran of some 5,000 rhinoplasties (nose jobs) said that prospective patients used to come in clutching photos of **Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis**, but now "they want the nose of the House of Windsor, like Princess Anne." Anne's artistically elongated proboscis will probably not penetrate the U.S., says

RHINOPLASTY MODELS JACQUELINE & ANNE



Dr. Bruck: "The great majority of American girls seem to like their noses small, slightly turned up, on the short side. But my foreign patients think the longer nose has character."

"Why shouldn't I spend my second childhood in the country where I spent a happy first childhood?" By way of answer to that question, Poet **Wystan Hugh Auden** is going to give up his \$35-

THE NEW YORK TIMES



MIGRATING POET WYSTAN H. AUDEN
Neither disgruntled nor aggravated.

a-week apartment in Manhattan's East Village for a \$9-a-week "grace and favor" cottage at Oxford, England. A New Yorker since 1939 and a U.S. citizen since 1946, Auden is anxious "to dispel any feeling that I am disgruntled with America or aggravated by life in New York. If I were 40, or even 50, I would stay here. But I shall be 65 on Feb. 21, and my decision is based on common sense. Suppose I were taken ill, had a coronary. Here, I could lie helpless for days before someone found me. In Oxford, I shall be part of the community. I should be missed if I failed to turn up for meals—especially as they are provided free. Pity that doesn't apply to the drinks."

It was a far cry from the old days of the British raj and the white man's burden, but some vestigial splendor remained as Britain's **Queen Elizabeth II**, **Prince Philip** and **Princess Anne** began their five-week tour of Southeast Asia with a five-day state visit to Thailand. Prince Philip—uniformed as an Admiral of the Fleet—commanded the royal launch as it left the royal yacht and swooshed up to Bangkok's royal pier, where the English royals were greeted by the Thai royals, **King Bhumibol** and **Queen Sirikit**. Then there was a ride in the royal Daimler through cheering throngs, a walk over a flower-strewn path and a presentation of the key to the city.

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Nixon's Third Round

In a burst of enthusiasm for the salvation of the American environment, President Nixon urged Congress last year to enact a 14-point program of reforms. Members of Congress introduced a score of bills of their own to regulate everything from strip mining to the location of power plants. Yet not a single major piece of environmental legislation passed both houses. While everybody wanted a cleaner America, it appeared, not everybody was ready to pay for it, at least not when the economy was lagging.

Last week Nixon began his third environmental message by excusing Congress's sorry record. He said that 1971 was "quite properly a year of consideration," but he went on to urge that 1972 be "a year of action." To that end, he proposed a total of 19 new measures and announced two executive orders, saying, "We must not slacken our pace but accelerate it."

Sulfur Tax. The most controversial of Nixon's proposals was to levy the U.S.'s first pollution tax on the harmful sulfur oxides that spew from electric power plants, smelters and refineries. The tax, starting in 1976, would apply only to industries in areas that already have high air-pollution levels, but it would establish what Nixon called "the principle that the costs of pollution should be included in the price of the product."

Sensible as the tax sounds, few people outside the Administration like it. Industrialists claim that there is no way to curb emissions of sulfur oxides at a reasonable cost. Conservation groups, on the other hand, argue that the proposed tax is too low to force industry to develop improved "scrubbers" to remove sulfur from chimney gases. By their reckoning, it costs 19¢ per percent device to remove a pound of sulfur from fumes, while the proposed tax is only 10¢ to 15¢ per pound. As a result, they fear that industry would pay the tax rather than clean the fumes, and that it would build new plants only in areas where the air is still clean. In any case, the added costs would ultimately be passed along to the consumer.

Nixon's program also includes:

- ▶ A ban on the use of poisons to kill predators—coyotes, wolves, eagles—on public lands.
- ▶ Controls on the use of snowmobiles and other off-road vehicles on federal properties.
- ▶ Creation of 21 new parks, including the spectacular Pacific coastline around San Francisco.
- ▶ A limit to tax benefits like fast depreciation for any developers who build on wetlands judged to be "critical environmental areas."
- ▶ Legislation to permit the Envi-

ronmental Protection Agency to monitor the disposal of such toxic wastes as mercury, cadmium and arsenic on land or underground.

Environmentalists generally applauded the message. Indeed, their objections focused on Nixon's omissions rather than his proposals. He neglected to attack overpopulation as a factor in pollution; he did not announce an expected ban on clear-cutting of timber on public lands, and he failed to bar the Corps of Engineers from issuing permits to fill in wetlands, the nursery for most marine life.

"The important question about the President's message," says Senator Gaylord Nelson, "is whether the Administration will in fact support its rhetoric with concrete action." In this election year, the answer clearly lies with the voters. Environmental groups are planning to make Congressmen's records on ecological issues available to the public right up to Election Day. Unlike 1971, this might actually be a year of accomplishment—if the public is willing to pay for the great clean-up.

Down with Designers?

William Blake saw the world's wonders in a grain of sand. Victor Papanek sees its iniquities in a chrome-plated marmalade guard for toast. Dean of the design school at the California Institute of the Arts in Valencia, Papanek argues his view in a controversial new book, *Design for the Real World* (Pantheon; \$8.95), which blames industrial designers for almost every variety of pollution and waste.

To the layman, these designers may seem innocuous people who spend their time adding chrome strips to auto bodies, streamlining fountain pens, creating bright new packages. But Papanek indicts his own colleagues for forgetting the context of their innovative work. Since they occupy a key position in the transformation of an idea into a product, he says, designers could insist on manufacturing processes that do not damage the environment. Instead, he charges, their primary aim is to increase sales through wasteful changes in style. They also clutter the market with basically useless products—electrically heated footstools, ball-point pens crowned with plastic orchids, even a \$9.95 inflatable "play-girl" made of "fleshlike vinyl."

Candle Radio. As Papanek sees it, designers should turn to the problems of the "real world," particularly the problems of the world's poor. He and one of his students have designed a simple radio that is being manufactured in Indonesia as a cottage industry under UNESCO sponsorship. Powered by heat rising from a candle, the radio looks ugly but costs only 9¢, com-

plete with an earplug. In Africa, Papanek and another student sought a cheap means of preserving food. Their solution: a "cooling unit" insulated by walls of native fiber. It works for twelve hours on 20 minutes of cranking, holds 4.5 cu. ft. of food and costs less than \$6. Thousands of other simple products—inexpensive stoves, water pumps, oil lamps—beg to be designed.

Even for the affluent U.S., Papanek lists scores of useful items that designers have never bothered to make. For example, there is still no inexpensive pill bottle that dispenses one pill at a time and is thus safe from children's tampering. There is no practical pocket-size Braille writer, no simple gas and electricity meter, no well-designed first-aid kit, no cheap hearing aid (though transistor radios using the same basic technology cost only \$3.98). He himself

DAVID GARR

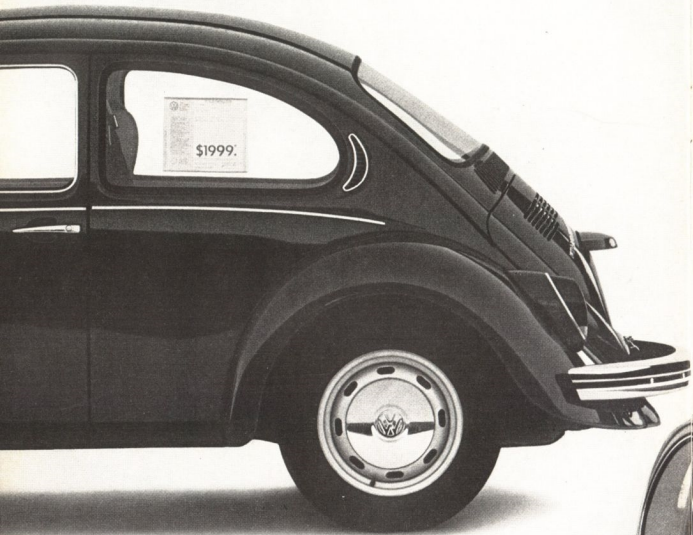


PAPANEK WITH CLOTH BOOK FOR BABIES
A question of values.

had to invent a cloth book his infant daughter might enjoy, complete with bright colors and different textures.

Papanek, whose rhetoric is so extreme at times that he calls corporation executives "criminals," has already run into many critics who argue that he himself has lost contact with the real world. Some do not believe that designers can—or should—break their links to industry. Others doubt whether people truly want useful things, as defined by Papanek; they argue that the desire for embellishment in the design of cars or clocks, and even the demand for \$1 diapers for parakeets, is just as real as the need for 9¢ radios. Finally, the critics denounce as utopian Papanek's theory that better products can improve men's lives and outlook; only a fundamental change of philosophy can do that. Still, Papanek raises enough questions about the value—and values—of designers to be thoroughly provocative.

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A depreciation of \$449 in 3 years.

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Chances are, you'll keep on walking.



Olympics: Citius, Altius, Fortius

AFTER months of dreary infighting by rule-minded officials, the 1972 Winter Olympics in Sapporo, Japan, finally and refreshingly gave way to the athletes last week. Sparked by their youthful zest, the games more than lived up to the Olympic motto: "*Citius, altius, fortius*" (swifter, higher, stronger). Indeed, when the competition ended after ten days and 35 events, the Swiss had skied swifter, the Japanese had jumped higher, the Americans had come back stronger—and the Russians and East Germans had walked off with the lion's share of medals.

The brightest of all the Olympic stars was a Dutchman: Speed Skater Ard Schenk. Like Jean-Claude Killy, the Gallic glamour boy of the 1968 games, the dashing handsome Schenk won three gold medals and the unofficial beefcake award. Crowds of more than 40,000 packed the Makomanai Speed-Skating Rink to see the big (6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs.), blond and blue-eyed Schenk easily overpower his competition at 1,500 and 5,000 meters with his powerfully rhythmic strides. Then, while Dutch fans clapped their wooden shoes and shouted "*Heya! Heya! Ard Schenk!*" he covered the 10,000-meter marathon in 15 min., 1.35 sec., an astonishing 22 seconds better than the old Olympic record.

Blinding Snowstorm. As for team efforts, the Swiss skiers upset the Austrians and all but swept the French off the slopes. The first surprise came when a 17-year-old Swiss whiz named Marie-Theres Nadig nipped favored Austrian Annemarie Proell in the women's downhill. After that, the chunky Swiss girl swiveled through a blinding snowstorm and once more bested Annemarie in the giant slalom. In the men's division, Bernhard Russi and Roland Collombin finished one, two in the downhill. In all, the Swiss men won four of the top six positions in the downhill and second and third in the giant slalom.

In the 70-meter ski jump, it was evident that the Japanese have also been building. Their jumpers, painfully aware that no Japanese athlete had ever won a single event in the Winter Olympics, had gone all out to prepare this time. Arcing forward like human airfoils, Yukio Kasaya, Akitsugu Konno and Seiji Aochi sailed majestically through the air to win the gold, silver and bronze medals.

As expected, the well-trained Russians dominated cross-country skiing and Italy's flashy Gustavo Thoeni captured the men's giant slalom. But totally unexpected was the performance of Wojciech Fortuna, a 19-year-old Pole who leaped out of nowhere to win

the 90-meter ski jump. The young U.S. hockey team, sparked by the acrobatic saves of Goalie Mike Curran, upset the strong Czech team 5-1 and then moved into contention for a medal. In women's figure skating, buxom Beatrix Schuba of Austria built up such a commanding lead in the school figures, the technical half of the event, that her competent but dull performance in freestyle skating did not deter her from winning the gold medal on total points. The freest spirit of all was U.S. Skater Janet Lynn. A pixy in pink, the tiny (5 ft. 2 in., 108 lbs.) teen-ager whirled through her double Salchows and camel spins with grace and a kind of smiling *élan*, despite a fall, to win the freestyle and a bronze medal overall.

Family Affair. Save for Janet and Susan Corrook, the surprise bronze medalist in the women's downhill, midway through the competition it seemed that the 131-member U.S. team might be headed for one of its worst showings ever. "The trouble with you Yanks," said one widely quoted Norwegian athlete, "is that you're too soft. Your life is too easy."

The Norwegian had obviously never visited Northbrook, Ill. (see box, page 51), which produced Dianne Holum, 20, Anne Henning, 16, and three other members of the U.S.'s 16-member speed-skating team. Dianne turned U.S. fortunes around in short order. The smoothly striding brunette put on a strong closing drive in the 1,500-meter race to win the U.S.'s first gold medal with a new Olympic record time of 2:20.85. Then it was Anne's turn. Matched with Canada's Sylvia Burka in the 500 meters, she lost at least a full second when her opponent cut her off while crossing lanes, but finished in 43.73, fast enough to break an Olympic record and win a gold medal, anyway. Allowed another try after officials disqualified the Canadian, Anne clipped 40 sec. off her first run to set another Olympic record.

At that point, the gold fever became contagious. Going into the women's slalom, the U.S.'s hopes hinged on Marilyn and Barbara Cochran, the two sisters who with brother Bob made



SWISS SKIERS COLLOMBIN & RUSSI



U.S. GOLD MEDALIST BARBARA COCHRAN



GOALIE CURRAN DEFLECTING PUCK

Showing flawless form, Japan's Yukio Kasaya (left) glides to victory in the 70-meter ski jump. Flying Dutchman Ard Schenk (top) grins after copping the first of three gold medals in speed skating. A cool miss in hot pink, the U.S.'s tiny Janet Lynn (center) cuts a winning figure. Two surprise medalists in the women's downhill, the U.S.'s Susan Corrook and Switzerland's Marie-Theres Nadig, bask in the afterglow.





Northbrook, Ill., Speed-Skating Capital

TO the casual visitor, Northbrook, Ill., is just another quiet bedroom community on the outskirts of Chicago. To the 27,000 citizens who live there, it has always been the busy, bustling "Speed-Skating Capital of America." Until recently there may have been some doubters of that heady claim. Not now. Not after two of the town's favorite daughters, Anne Henning and Dianne Holum, skated off with gold medals in the 1972 Winter Games. Indeed, the local Chamber of Commerce has already begun to engrave its stationery with a new slogan: "Speed-Skating Capital of the World."

Why Northbrook? For one thing, there is Ed Rudolph, 60, a onetime high school skating champion who has devoted nearly 20 years to training Northbrook youngsters in his sport. A landscape contractor who also serves as the Northbrook park commissioner, Rudolph began his program by designing baseball diamonds that could be frozen over in the winter for skating. With strong financial and moral support from the townspeople, he has since been instrumental in adding a modern indoor facility that is in operation 24

hours a day throughout the weekends.

Beginning each May, Rudolph's charges spend five months in "dry training": calisthenics, running and bicycling. Then they hit the road for West Allis, Wis., and the only Olympic-sized artificial rink in the U.S. Traveling in a car pool run by their parents, they visit the bleak Wisconsin state fairgrounds every day for six straight months, spending three hours a day on the ice and three hours in transit.

Anne Henning, a cheery, curly-haired blonde who never travels without her lucky Snoopy button and a large supply of peanut butter, does not miss the social life that is ruled out by her training regimen. Says she: "There are lots of boys in the training group too, you know." Dianne Holum, a fiercely dedicated competitor who worked as a waitress last year to help finance a three-month training stint in The Netherlands, adds: "I don't mind the sacrifices. An Olympic gold medal is a life's ambition come true." Even so, the demands are such that many young skaters have to drop out of school and study with a tutor. To pay the \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year that it takes



BRUNDAGE CONGRATULATING HENNING

for the care and feeding of a skater, some Northbrook mothers take part-time jobs. Is it worth it? Anne's father, Bill Henning, thinks so. "The U.S. is the only country in the Northern Hemisphere where speed skating is not a major sport," he explains. "Our hope is to make it one."

the U.S. ski team something of a family affair. The sisters' chances were quickly halved, however, when Marilyn, 22, snagged a gate in her first run and tumbled out of the race. Then, out of the snow flurries came Barbara, 21. Cutting corners dangerously close, she whizzed home with the fastest time in the first of the two heats. Refusing to look at her competitors lest their difficulties make her "too cautious," she again went all out to register a total time that was just .02 sec, better than Runner-Up Danielle Debernard of France. It was the first gold medal won by any American in Alpine skiing in 20 years.

Little Miss Cool

Pony-tailed Teen-Ager Chris Evert became an instant favorite with the gallery when she arrived at the U.S. Open Tennis Championships in Forest Hills, N.Y., five months ago. But many experts doubted that she was ready for the stiff world-class competition she would meet in center court. Unseeded and playing on grass for one of the few

times in her brief career, "Little Miss Cool" nonetheless battled her way into the semifinals, winning one gutsy, come-from-behind victory after another. Then, alas, she met Mrs. Billie Jean King, the reigning queen of U.S. tennis. Billie Jean, the first woman athlete in history to win \$100,000 in a single year, soundly spanked Chris 6-3, 6-2. For the moment, the Cinderella saga had come to an end.

For 1971, that is. Last week, playing in the \$25,000 Women's International at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., her first tournament since the U.S. Open, Little Miss Cool was hotter than ever. In a stunning upset, she blasted Billie Jean off the court. A fixture on the clay courts of Fort Lauderdale since she was six, Chris Evert was always slight and something of a hitless wonder. Her backhand was so weak that her tennis-poor father, Jim Evert, taught her to hit the shot with both hands. Though she goes far toward making up in precision what she lacks in power, her pitter-patter serves and lack of a strong volley proved her ultimate undoing at Forest Hills. In the five months since, however, she not only polished her game but grew a full inch taller and five pounds heavier. (She is now 5 ft. 5 in. and weighs 115 lbs.) As a result, there was more snap in her strokes, more zing in her serve and more zap in her overall attack as she advanced to the finals against Billie Jean King.

The big rematch drew an overflow crowd, many perching on nearby rooftops to watch the action. After the

Dixieland band died down and the airplanes towing banners of encouragement had passed overhead, the hometown heroine went to work. Breaking Billie Jean's serve in the very first game, she took the opening set handily, 6-1. The second set was more of the same, as Chris kept her older opponent running with a maddening array of pinpoint placements, drop shots and lob points—and when an opening came—a two-fisted backhand drive down the line. In the final game, when the tenacious Billie Jean fought back from match point five times, one excited fan yelled: "Get it over with!" Chris, who usually plays with a poker-faced poise that one of her opponents describes as "almost eerie," shouted back: "I'm trying." Then, trying harder, she scored on a solid forehand to win, 6-0.

"I can't remember ever losing a match that badly," said Billie Jean. Chris, just 17, and not eligible to turn professional until next season, had to bypass the \$4,400 first prize. Billie Jean, for one, can hardly wait for Chris to turn pro. "If Chris comes out on the tour," she promised, "she'll find out the facts of life." One fact Chris already knows: while fighting for room at the top, she will be pressured from below by another two-fisted Evert. In the opening round of last week's tournament, Chris' sister Jeanne scored another big upset by defeating Rosemary Casals, the No. 3 money winner on the tour last year. Jeanne, however, will have to wait even longer to cash in on the pro purses. She is 14.

Parading in their Winter Games finery, the Canadian team (top) come on like mad Eskimos. Four members of U.S. contingent (center), in long leather coats and wide-brim hats by Sears, Roebuck, could pass as latter-day Pilgrims. Resplendent in their golden attire, the Austrian girls bring a touch of Wild West to the faraway East.

A Prisoner of Our Time

In the chaos of the Attica uprising last September, one of the most extraordinary characters to emerge as a convict leader was a scarred but eloquent West Indian named Herbert X. Blyden. Last week his lawyers appeared in a Manhattan federal court for a new round in Blyden's long battle to overturn his 1965 robbery conviction. TIME's James Willwerth visited him in prison and reported Blyden's tale of his continuing war with the law:

"May I see your identification, please?"

He stands alone before the visitors' table, looking down with defiant, dark eyes. He is a big man, with broad shoulders, hard features, shaved Muslim head hidden by a blue stocking cap. A dark scar runs from his left cheek to his ear, from a "cutting" two years ago. His rust-colored cardigan is open and reveals a ring on a brass chain. Satisfied with the press card, he says, "They look for excuses to play with me. I try not to give them any."

Herbert X. Blyden, 35, describes his life as "the story of a lion who is not really a rebel—study the history of the lion and you will get the message." He was born, he notes, under the sign of Leo. That was in St. Thomas in 1936. His family was "lower middle class," he says, and it came apart when he was three. An aunt raised him, along with 13 of his cousins, and he turned into a troublemaker. "I was sent to a house—you know, for incorrigible boys. Evidently they saw Attica in advance. But they didn't cure me."

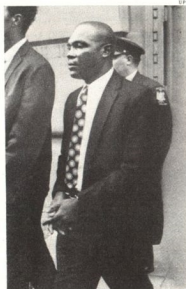
Some Society. At 16, after forging postal money orders, he was sent to a series of mainland U.S. prisons, where he alternated between fighting and arguing. "I've always been militant. I was brought up on the teachings of Marcus Garvey." Shipped to a federal prison in Tallahassee, Fla. ("Wow, did I run into some racism down there!"), he began to organize the inmates. The result was a "mini-riot" and a transfer to Lewisburg, Pa. "I've got to praise the system there," he says. "I was able to get a lot of reading done." Blyden's discoveries included Schopenhauer, Santayana and Hermann Hesse.

Free once more in 1956, Blyden went to New York, where his father was a partner in a gas station. He and his brother Leroy helped out, but after an argument with their father they took \$150 out of the cash register. "We worked there," Blyden argues now. "This was stupidity, but it wasn't robbery." He was 20 at the time, and he received five years as an adult offender.

Blyden got out again in 1962. He had been trained in prison as a bookkeeper, but his record was against him.

"I had to take a job as a shipping clerk," he remembers sarcastically. "Isn't that great? Some society . . ." He pauses, folding powerful arms in front of his chest. "Bookkeeping is my thing. I'd like to be a C.P.A. some day."

He got married and had a son (named after him, now seven years old). Then he took a mistress, Greta Jude, a beautician. On Aug. 19, 1965, Blyden parked a rented car, a blue 1965 Mustang, in front of his girl friend's house in The Bronx. That same afternoon, a black man walked into Alexander's Rent-A-Car agency, six blocks away, and stole \$600. He rode off in a 1965



HERBERT BLYDEN AFTER ATTICA
A lion but not a rebel?

blue Mustang, which had been waiting with a driver at the wheel.

The police soon found Blyden's car and a witness who said he had glanced for a few seconds at the man sitting in the parked Mustang. At the precinct house, they made Blyden try on a hat and sunglasses while their witness observed him through a one-way glass. The witness testified at Blyden's trial that he had "no doubt" Blyden was the man he had spotted. Greta Jude testified that Blyden had been with her since mid-morning, but the jury apparently did not believe her. Blyden was sentenced to 15-20 years. The actual robber was never found. Blyden's lawyer, Richard M. Cherry, argues in his petition that Blyden was denied due process by the "unnecessarily suggestive" one-man "show-up." He also claims that Blyden's right to a fair trial was violated because he lacked effective counsel and the jury was all white.

Sent to Attica, Blyden began to study law furiously. He wrote his own

petition for a rehearing, and after it was granted, he was transferred to New York's hideously overcrowded Tombs. When the Tombs erupted in the fall of 1970, Blyden performed a mediating role and spoke directly to Mayor John Lindsay on the telephone ("Promises, promises," he remembers scornfully). Blyden and six others were later indicted, however, on 72 counts of kidnapping, rioting and other charges.

Back to Attica, and then another rebellion. "We were at war. We were in a mental battle with these people, man!" Of the final attack by troopers, Blyden says: "Eerie was the word for it. You see the mist and gas. You say, 'Hey—what's that?' and then they are shooting all over the place. You put your hands on your head and go to the wall if you don't get shot. Guys are retching in front of you and going into convulsions. If they go into convulsions, they get shot for moving. I had guys shot out from either side of me. But they didn't shoot me. Come trooper said, 'Don't worry, Blyden. We're saving you for the electric chair.'"

Confession. In the post-mortems on Attica, one strange episode has been the appearance of Kenneth Moore, 28, a tall, bearded black recently sentenced to five to 15 years for killing a policeman. At Christmastime, Moore confessed that he drove the Mustang in the 1965 robbery. He says he stole the car and gave a ride to an acquaintance named Ronnie, who told him: "Man, you picked me up just in time. I just pulled off a sting!" Moore adds that he took Ronnie to New Jersey and never saw him again. He claims he is confessing because "Blyden is a beautiful brother and I want to help him. I have nothing to gain except more time." Blyden's lawyer is skeptical of Moore's reconstruction of the crime, however.

Blyden today remains essentially alone. He writes letters to Angela Davis, and to the Chinese delegation at the United Nations (asking to be traded for American prisoners in North Viet Nam). And he broods. He once told one of his lawyers not to bring him books. "Can't you understand?" he shouted. "I have nothing, and if you give me books I'll treasure them, and then they'll take them away from me, and I couldn't stand it!"

He is morose about his future, and feels that he has no place left to go in America. "Watts, Harlem, Newark, Washington, D.C.—they are all Atticas," he says, shrugging his shoulders, "except it's minimum security there." He has little faith in American justice. "Justice?" he protests. "Look at it. Look at Hoffa. Look at Lieutenant Calley. And look at the Harlem Four—eight years without bail."

"I came out of Attica with two things: my manhood and my life," he says fiercely. "I don't even belong in prison—and they ask me why I riot."

"I am no longer here in a mental sense," he goes on, slowly, carefully.

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"I've already left this place, I'm on another plateau. I am waiting for my death, yet I am not born yet." Then Blyden holds up a clenched fist and walks to the door. A guard opens the steel gate and takes him back into prison.

Premature Obscenity

DON'T SEND ME TO PRISON cried the full-page ad in the *New York Times*, but that last desperate appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court appeared to be in vain. Ralph Ginzburg, huckster-publisher of diverse periodicals (including the defunct *Eros*, *Avant-Garde*, *Fact* and the current *Moneysworth*) is



PUBLISHER RALPH GINZBURG
Panderer to prurience.

due to enter federal prison this week.

In a sense, Ginzburg was a man ahead of the legal times. *Eros*, his slick, expensively produced "quarterly on the joys of love," was mildly startling in the early '60s, as was its companion bi-weekly "newsletter of love," *Liaison*, and a mail-order volume called *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*. The most controversial display in *Eros*, for example, was a series of color pictures of a black man and a white woman embracing in the nude. The post office, after receiving 35,000 complaints, charged Ginzburg with violating an 1872 law prohibiting the mailing of obscene material. He was convicted in 1963, and numerous appeals succeeded only in reducing his sentence from five years to three.

Still, Ginzburg hoped that the Supreme Court would let him off. In a series of cases the court had held censorship invalid under the First Amendment's guarantee of free expression. The key idea: material is not obscene unless by contemporary standards it "appealed to prurient interest" and was "utterly without redeeming social value." His publications had such value, said Ginzburg.

That did not matter, said the court. In 1966, by a vote of 5 to 4, it upheld Ginzburg's conviction. Speaking for the court, Justice William Brennan said that Ginzburg's products should not be considered out of context; his promotional efforts showed he was pandering to prurient interests. The mailed advertisements, said Brennan, "stimulated

the reader" to look "for titillation, not for saving intellectual content."

Having exhausted his appeals and stays, Ginzburg prepared for jail by telling reporters and a television audience last week that he was being made a whipping boy for an inhibited society. Of his attempt to mail his magazines from Blue Ball, Pa., and Inter-course, Pa., cited by the courts as evidence of his pandering intent, Ginzburg said, "At the worst, it was a very bad joke. But to send a man to prison for a bad joke is hardly what the founding fathers envisioned as a free and robust press." New York University Law Professor Norman Dorsen, author of several books on civil liberties, agreed: "The law has been applied unfairly to one person. Nobody, including the Supreme Court, knows what obscenity is."

The irony is that *Eros* and the other Ginzburg offerings of nine years ago now appear tame. Today they would be unlikely to attract either the law's wrath or the public's attention.

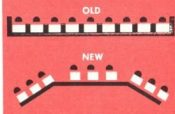
Hear, Hear

The Nixon Supreme Court may well be heading toward a more conservative judicial position, but in matters of style and appearance, the Justices show a liberal appreciation of novelty. In the 1973 budget, in fact, Chief Justice Warren Burger has called for Government limousines and drivers for the eight Associate Justices, redecorated offices for all of them and an increase in the court budget from \$4.7 million in 1972 to \$5.7 million.

The court's most startling innovation, ending a 182-year tradition, is the transformation of the 30-ft.-long bench behind which the Justices sit. As soon as the Justices recessed three weeks ago, workmen started sawing up the noble slab of marble and Honduran mahogany ("I never saw wood so tough to cut," one workman complained).

When the court reconvenes on Feb. 22, the sawed-up bench will be reassembled in the form of a half-hexagon. The purpose: to enable the venerable Justices to see and hear each other more clearly. No longer, in theory, will cases be delayed by two Justices asking questions simultaneously, or by the familiar request from opposite ends of the bench: "Would you state that again, please?"

REMODELED BENCH



TIME Chart by V. Pagli



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Putting in the Poetry

The props are simple: desk, music stand, stool, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses used occasionally as a baton. The cast is small: one piano accompanist, plus any of 25 young, nervous operatic hopefuls selected from a field of 300 applicants. The star and plot line are fantastic: Maria Callas, in a generous sampling of the secrets that made her one of the great singer-actresses of the 20th century.

This is the scene in La Callas' twice-weekly master classes at Manhattan's Juilliard School, the second series of which opened last week. As musical

rich, smoky voice swelled with emotion. "Have no doubt about who you are," she explained.

To be sure that none of the students has any doubt, she stresses, "I don't want you ever to imitate me. I just want you to come to your own interpretation after understanding what is in the score." Molding phrases with her long, expressive hands, she seems to be physically drawing something out of the students, getting them to make the most of it. "Vibrate," she exhorts. "Vibrate like a violin." To a tentative singer she says: "Don't be overcautious. And please don't look down. Lift up your head. You can do it." After the singer tries again, Callas may say: "You are still too cautious on the high note. Whatever you have, out! Eh?" If her severity wounds a student, sometimes it is for the best. "There! You're looking at me and you're suffering. That's what I want in the aria."

Acting with the voice is a theme that runs through her talk like a Wagnerian leitmotif. After listening to a coloratura sing *Caro Nome* from *Rigoletto*, Callas remarked: "Give it more freedom. You have to be a girl who is passionately in love. True, Gilda is still a virgin, but one should not be too cutesy, because of what happens to her later. Don't forget, she sacrifices her life for love."

No Excuse. Callas' teaching also takes in the more mundane details of performing. She often circles a singer, correcting posture and bearing. "You have a wonderful, wonderful figure," she told blushing Basso John Seabury last week. "Give it to the public." As for the semaphore signals that many youngsters—and not a few veterans—mistake for dramatic gestures, she admonishes: "Don't move your hands so much. A movement must have meaning; otherwise, please just stand still. You can stand still and you can act, as long as the stillness has an intensity, an aliveness."

Between sessions, Callas relaxed in her suite at the Plaza Hotel and summed up for *TIME*'s Rosemarie Tauris what she hopes to achieve in her classes: "I try to impart to the students things that came to me naturally, and that may not be natural to others. To be an opera singer you have to be an actor or an actress. You have to be on stage and off. There is no excuse for being 30 lbs. overweight. And you must have nerve. I tell my students to think. Before they sing a phrase they must have the expression—the thought behind the music—on their faces, so the public will see it first. I tell them to put more poetry into their voices. I try to teach them humbleness toward music." The kind of humbleness, in other words, that they can be proud of.



MARIA CALLAS AT JUILLIARD
What came naturally.

shows go, it is already one of the long runners. It is also one of the best. The audience thronging the school's 1,000-seat opera theater is as glittering as on any opening night at the Met. Besides students and opera buffs, it includes leading critics, top performers like Tenor Plácido Domingo and Pianist Alexis Weissenberg, theatrical luminaries like Lillian Gish and Ben Gazzara, even an old nemesis, Sir Rudolf Bing.

No Doubt. Callas at 48, chic in pantsuit or flowing, ankle-length skirt, does not merely walk out on the stage, she takes possession of it, just as she did during her last public performances in 1965 (*Tosca* at the Met and Covent Garden). With each student, she proceeds as she did last week with Korean Soprano Kyu Do Park. She let her sing all of *Mi chiamano Mimì* (They call me Mimì) from *La Bohème*, then went to work, singing phrases back to show how to put meaning into them. When Callas came to the word "Mimì," her

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Why not send for it today? We figure that if you're armed with more information and our '72 comparative price list . . . we'll get our share of the business. And maybe then some.

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(we listen better)

Ford Motor Company Suggested Retail Price Comparison: In the wake of the confusion, good news for new car buyers.

	'71 Model Prices as of Aug. '71	'72 Model Prices as of Today	Change		'71 Model Prices as of Aug. '71	'72 Model Prices as of Today	Change				
Ford Division											
Pinto 2 Door Sedan 4 cyl.	\$1,919	\$1,960	\$+ 41	Montego 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	\$2,777*	\$2,736	\$- 41				
Pinto 3 Door Runabout 4 cyl.	2,062	2,078	+ 16	Montego MX 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,878*	2,838	- 40				
Maverick 2 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	2,175	2,190	+ 15	Montego MX 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,891*	2,859	- 32				
Maverick 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	2,235	2,245	+ 10	Montego MX Brougham 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 6 cyl.	3,073*	3,014	- 59				
Maverick 2 Door Grabber Sport Sedan 6 cyl.	2,354	2,359	+ 5	Montego MX Brougham 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	3,085*	3,024	- 61				
Maverick 2 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,344	2,350	+ 6	Montego MX Station Wagon 6 cyl.	3,215*	3,151	- 64				
Maverick 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,404	2,406	+ 2	Montego MX Villager Station Wagon 6 cyl.	3,456*	3,325	-131				
Maverick 2 Door Grabber Sport Sedan 8 cyl.	2,523	2,519	- 4	Montego 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	2,888*	2,843	- 45				
Mustang 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,911	2,729	-182	Montego 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	2,893*	2,848	- 45				
Mustang 2 Door SportsRoof 6 cyl.	2,973	2,786	-187	Montego MX 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	2,994*	2,951	- 43				
Mustang 2 Door Convertible 6 cyl.	3,227	3,015	-212	Montego MX 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,007*	2,971	- 36				
Mustang Grande 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	3,117	2,915	-202	Montego MX Brougham 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,189*	3,127	- 62				
Mustang 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,006	2,816	-190	Montego MX Brougham 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,201*	3,137	- 64				
Mustang 2 Door SportsRoof 8 cyl.	3,068	2,873	-195	Montego GT 2 Door Fastback 8 cyl.	New in '72	3,346	—				
Mustang 2 Door Convertible 8 cyl.	3,322	3,101	-221	Montego MX Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,331*	3,264	- 67				
Mustang Grande 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,212	3,002	-210	Montego MX Villager Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,572*	3,438	-134				
Mustang Mach 1 2 Door SportsRoof 8 cyl.	3,268	3,053	-215	Monterey 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,858	3,809	- 49				
Torino 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 6 cyl.	2,706*	2,673	- 33	Monterey 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,900	3,848	- 52				
Torino 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,672*	2,641	- 31	Monterey 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,968	3,912	- 56				
Torino 4 Door Station Wagon 6 cyl.	3,023*	2,955	- 68	Monterey Custom 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,030	3,972	- 58				
Gran Torino 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 6 cyl.	2,887*	2,878	- 9	Monterey Custom 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,113	4,051	- 62				
Gran Torino 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,855*	2,856	+ 1	Monterey Custom 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,185	4,119	- 66				
Gran Torino 4 Door Station Wagon 6 cyl.	3,170*	3,096	- 74	Monterey Station Wagon 8 cyl.	4,283	4,212	- 71				
Torino 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 8 cyl.	2,801*	2,762	- 39	Marquis Station Wagon 8 cyl.	4,547	4,455	-102				
Torino 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	2,767*	2,731	- 36	Colony Park Station Wagon 8 cyl.	4,806	4,540	-266				
Torino 4 Door Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,118*	3,045	- 73	Marquis 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,474	4,493	+ 19				
Gran Torino 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 8 cyl.	2,982*	2,967	- 15	Marquis 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,557	4,572	+ 15				
Gran Torino 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,250*	2,947	- 30	Marquis 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,624	4,637	+ 13				
Gran Torino 4 Door Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,265*	3,186	- 79	Marquis Brougham 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,880	4,890	+ 10				
Gran Torino Squire 4 Door Station Wagon 8 cyl.	3,560*	3,486	- 74	Marquis Brougham 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,963	4,969	+ 6				
Gran Torino Sport 2 Door Hardtop SportsRoof 8 cyl.	3,150*	3,094	- 56	Marquis Brougham 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	5,033	5,034	+ 1				
Gran Torino Sport 2 Door Hardtop Formal Roof 8 cyl.	3,150*	3,094	- 56	Lincoln Continental 2 Door Coupe 8 cyl.	7,172	7,068	-104				
Custom 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	3,228	3,262	- 36	Lincoln Continental 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	7,419	7,302	-117				
Custom 500 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	3,426	3,393	- 33	Continental Mark IV 2 Door Coupe 8 cyl.	8,813*	8,640	-173				
Galaxie 500 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	3,594	3,570	- 24	DeTommaso Pantera 2 Door Coupe 8 cyl.	9,000	(Price not available)	—				
Galaxie 500 2 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	3,628	3,605	- 23	<i>Note: Suggested retail prices exclude destination charges, title and taxes. Dealer preparation is extra on Pinto, Maverick, Comet, Capri and Panthera. Mustang and Cougar discount changes have lowered the suggested retail selling price for '72 car lines. Prices for Capri and Panthera rounded to nearest dollar. Always check with your dealer for his prices.</i>							
Galaxie 500 4 Door Hardtop 6 cyl.	3,665	3,637	- 28	<i>*Torino, Montego, Thunderbird and Mark IV are new car lines for '72. '71 prices shown are for the most nearly comparable '71 car lines.</i>							
Custom 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	3,363	3,334	- 29	The price of most options is down. Here's a sample.							
Custom 500 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	3,501	3,464	- 37		'71 Option Prices as of Aug. '71	'72 Option Prices as of Today	Change				
Custom Ranch Wagon 6 Pass. 8 cyl.	3,890	3,852	- 38	Pinto SelectAir Air Conditioner	\$374.00	\$362.73	\$-11.27				
Custom 500 Ranch Wagon 6 Pass. 8 cyl.	3,982	3,941	- 41	Maverick SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic Transmission	183.00	177.49	- 5.51				
Custom 500 Ranch Wagon Dual Fac. Rear Seats 8 cyl.	4,097	4,051	- 46	Torino AM/FM Stereo Radio	214.00	208.49	- 5.51				
Galaxie 500 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	3,715	3,685	- 30	Ford Power Side Windows	132.00	128.61	- 3.39				
Galaxie 500 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,749	3,720	- 29	Mercury AM Radio w/ Stereo Tape System	200.80	195.62	- 5.18				
Galaxie 500 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,786	3,752	- 34	Cougar Power Windows	115.30	102.86	- 12.44				
Galaxie 500 Country Sedan 6 Pass. 8 cyl.	4,074	4,028	- 46	Cougar Deluxe Wheel Covers	25.90	23.11	- 2.79				
Galaxie 500 Country Sedan Dual Fac. Rear Seats 8 cyl.	4,188	4,136	- 52	Lincoln Continental Automatic Headlamp Dimmer	51.20	49.88	- 1.32				
LTD 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,923	3,898	- 25	Ford Fingerprint Speed Control							
LTD 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,931	3,906	- 25	(with Deluxe Two-Spoke Steering Wheel)	84.00	99.13	+15.13				
LTD 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,969	3,941	- 28	Mustang Power Front Disc Brakes	70.00	62.05	- 7.95				
LTD 2 Door Convertible 8 cyl.	4,094	4,073	- 21	Thunderbird "Sure-Track" Brakes	194.00	189.05	- 4.95				
LTD Country Squire 6 Pass. 8 cyl.	4,380	4,318	- 62	Thunderbird Sunroof, Power Operated	518.00	504.80	-13.20				
LTD Country Squire Dual Fac. Rear Seats 8 cyl.	4,496	4,430	- 66	Montego Vinyl Roof	99.80	97.18	- 2.62				
LTD Brougham 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,097	4,050	- 47	Mercury Automatic Temperature Control	520.70	507.55	-13.15				
LTD Brougham 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,094	4,047	- 47	Mark III/Mark IV Leather Interior	183.70	179.04	- 4.66				
LTD Brougham 4 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	4,140	4,090	- 50	Complete facts on all models and options are in this free book.							
Thunderbird 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	5,295*	5,293	- 2								
Lincoln-Mercury Division											
Capri 2 Door Sport Coupe—1600 cc eng.	2,395	2,477	+ 82	CAR BUYING MADE EASIER For your copy, write: Ford Motor Company Lists P.O. Box 1958 The American Road—JB Dearborn, Michigan 48121							
Capri 2 Door Sport Coupe—2000 cc eng.	2,445	2,528	+ 83								
Capri 2 Door Sport Coupe—2600 cc eng.	New in '72	2,821	—								
Comet 2 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	2,217	2,232	+ 15	<input type="checkbox"/> Mr. <input type="checkbox"/> Phone <input type="checkbox"/> Area <input type="checkbox"/> Number							
Comet 4 Door Sedan 6 cyl.	2,276	2,287	+ 11	<input type="checkbox"/> Mrs. <input type="checkbox"/> Apt. No. <input type="checkbox"/> Dr.							
Comet 2 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,387	2,392	+ 5	Name _____							
Comet 4 Door Sedan 8 cyl.	2,446	2,448	+ 2	Address _____							
Cougar 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,289	3,066	-223	City _____ State _____ Zip _____							
Cougar 2 Door Convertible 8 cyl.	3,681	3,420	-261								
Cougar XR-7 2 Door Hardtop 8 cyl.	3,629	3,373	-256								
Cougar XR-7 2 Door Convertible 8 cyl.	3,877	3,597	-280								
Montego 4 Door Pillared Hardtop 6 cyl.	2,772*	2,731	- 41								

Magician, Clown, Child

The Washington monument has vanished. In place of its tapering obelisk, a pair of colossal scissors, several hundred feet high, slowly opens during the day and shuts during the night. In Chicago, a clothespin stands where the Tribune Tower once was. In London, Nelson's Column has been replaced by a giant gearshift, which twitches and gyrates erratically through its patterns, scaring the pigeons away from Trafalgar Square forevermore. Have we all been colonized by the Brobdingnagians? Not quite. Claes Oldenburg is at work, and an exhibition of his imag-

inesto written in 1961, which came to be interpreted as one of the charter documents of Pop art. But the museum, like the kraken, envelops even those who defy it. Oldenburg, at 43, is one of the most avidly collected artists in America. The reasons have little to do with the Pop ballyhoo of the early '60s; firmly independent of movements, he has been trying for the past six years to get clear of the narrow context of museum art and the still narrower one of private buying. So his projects for monuments are an effort to take over the environment—"to make," as he puts it, "something so big that nobody can possess it."

Nothing Oldenburg does is lacking in irony—and this includes his wish to make monuments. The traditional language of monuments was heroic—Napoleon gesturing on a marble plinth festooned with trophies and Graces, or Verrocchio's statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni raking his bronze eyes across a conquered piazza from his striding horse. The monumental hero is, actually and metaphorically, bigger than life. But to make one, there has to be some belief in heroes, and there must be something to celebrate.

Dying Myth. People still build monuments, but the art died when the celebration stopped, when artists began consciously thinking of themselves as critics, not as exalters, of the established order. The mood was set a century ago when Gustave Courbet, one of the fathers of modern art, helped to topple the Vendôme column during the Paris Commune of 1871. Modern democracy has flattened the myth of the hero, and there are still no good monuments to Churchill or Roosevelt; to imagine an equestrian bronze of Nixon or Pompidou on some future Capitol is to enter the realm of farce.

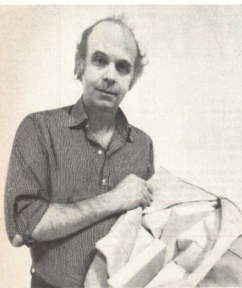
One way of dealing with Oldenburg's unbuildable projects is to see them as monstrous parodies of this situation. In 1965, he dreamed up a monument for upper Central Park in the form of a giant teddy bear: this woe-begone and helpless image was, for Oldenburg, "an incarnation of white conscience; as such, it fixes white New York with an accusing glance from Harlem but also one glassy-eyed from desperation. This may be why I chose a toy with the 'amputated' effect of teddy paws—handlessness signifies society's frustrating lack of tools."

In 1969, Oldenburg came as close as he ever got to actually building a monument when a group of Yale graduate students asked him to design one for "the second American revolution." They had been inspired by the New Left's guru Herbert Marcuse, who, having seen Oldenburg's drawings, announced that "there is a way in which this kind of satire, or humor, can in-

deed kill. I think it would be one of the most bloodless means to effect a radical change." Oldenburg's response took the form of a vast red lipstick which telescoped up and down, stiffening and softening, from Caterpillar tracks. It was polemical, a mixture of cosmetic, phallus and rocket carrier—the ultimate weapon. The fate of this work was as appropriate as its original message: removed from the Yale campus, it now lies disintegrating in a Connecticut factory yard, along with the Yippies' fantasies of instant revolution. But the lipstick provided Oldenburg with other, related images, such as his proposed monument for Marilyn Monroe, *Lipstick with Stroke Attached*, 1971. It looks flat, decorative and innocuous—until one notices that the gleaming "stroke" of red-sprayed metal, lying flat on the floor, could also be the reaping blade of a scythe.

This not-so-hidden menace in Oldenburg's work is truly obsessive, and it supplies one of the reasons why his art cannot be seen clearly in the Pop art atmosphere of flaccid, easygoing acceptance of the commercial image. Some of his monuments, if built, would be lethal. One consists of twelve-story-high bowling balls rolling inexorably down the alley of Park Avenue. "The balls," notes Oldenburg, "are an attempt to make tangible my feeling that Park Avenue is a dangerous street where you can get run over and killed very easily. The balls intensify and monumentalize this danger." Another, for Grant Park in Chicago, is a prodigious windshield wiper, slapping back and forth between two long rectangular pools. Says the artist: "These serve as swimming pools for the city's children. However, from time to time the blade of the Giant Wiper descends into the water. If one doesn't want to get hit, one must watch it and get out in time. The Wiper makes the sky tangible in that it treats the sky as if it were glass. Making the intangible tangible has always been one of my fascinations. But 'wipe out' is slang for 'kill,' isn't it?"

Haunted. At such moments, Oldenburg is death's buffoon. The windshield wiper will never be built. But the mere fact that it has been designed reminds one of Dean Swift's *A Modest Proposal*, in which the satirist suggested the fattening and roasting of infants as a solution to the Irish famines. Indeed, allowing for the limits within which an artist can resemble a writer, there is something very Swiftian about the whole cast of Oldenburg's imagination—haunted by death, fascinated by the elaboration of fantasy worlds in which the uses of objects are transformed. Even Swift's "excremental vision" has its counterpart in Oldenburg. Any object—from a typewriter eraser to a



OLDENBURG AT PASADENA ART MUSEUM
Appropriately gargantuan.

inary monsters, entitled *Object into Monument*, is now touring the U.S. After a first run at the Pasadena Art Museum in California, the show opens next week at the University Art Museum in Berkeley; through 1972 it will travel to Kansas City, Fort Worth, Des Moines and Chicago.

Like his show, the tall Swedish-American with the potato nose and ice-bag hat jets to and fro between Los Angeles, Stockholm, London. In New York his studio is appropriately gargantuan, consisting of two connected five-story warehouses with an elevator so large that Oldenburg is proposing to furnish it as his living room. He has become, in effect, his own museum: a traveling exhibit, documented and catalogued and spewing out work with minatory gusto.

"I am for an art that is political-erotic-mystical, that does something other than sit on its ass in a museum." So said Oldenburg in a celebrated man-

Oldenburg by Oldenburg (commissioned by TIME in 1969).

good humor bar



større

three-way plug

three-way plug

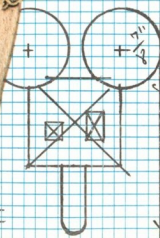
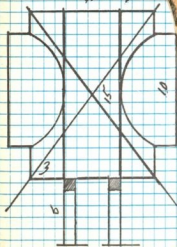
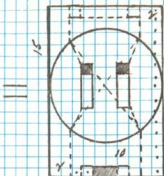
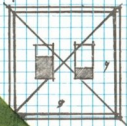
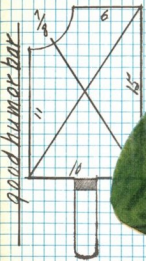
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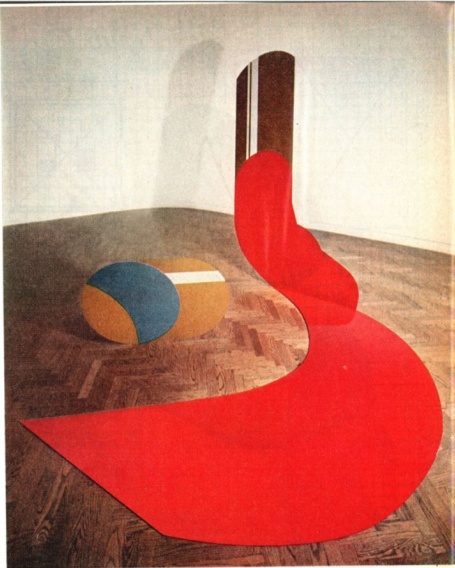
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Light switches





Heroic Sculpture in the Form of a Bent Typewriter Eraser, 1970



Oldenburg's Lipstick with Stroke Attached (for M.M.), 1971



Three-Way Plug—Scale A (Soft), 1971

ART

toothpaste tube, from an ice bag to an electric plug—can be seized and turned into a visible metaphor of the body's shapes and functions.

The result is that everything Oldenburg makes is a testament to polymorphous perversity. Men construct artifacts and these, by some mysterious process of imitation, end up looking (to Oldenburg) like parts of bodies. These similarities are basic to his imagery. "Any art that is successful in projecting positive feelings about life," Oldenburg maintains, "has got to be heavily erotic." So the kapok-stuffed blades of a soft blender dangle like pendulous breasts; a fireplug mimics a torso.

Because they are humanized, these objects take on a marvelous, even clownish pathos. The blue vinyl mass of Oldenburg's *Three-Way Plug*—*Scale A* hangs from the ceiling, dragging its prongs on the floor like a deflated giant; its sockets gaze mournfully at the room; one feels an urge to speak gently to the thing and soothe its defeat. By contrast, Oldenburg's *Heroic Sculpture in the Form of a Bent Type-writer Eraser*, 1970, which was commissioned—and then rejected—for an office plaza on Manhattan's 57th Street, is a veritable parody of the hero-figure—all attention and verticality, the hairs on its brush metamorphosed into ropes of braided steel cable.

Epic Images. Oldenburg has a unique power to perceive things both organically and schematically—even his own face, as in his *Symbolic Self-Portrait with Equals*, 1969. "The face is a cutout, like a mask, which is pasted on the diagram of objects. . . . One side shows the kindly aspect of the artist; the other, his brutal one. The body is introduced in the image of the face via the representation of the body's juices—the tongue (bringing out the insides)—which doubles as a heart and a foot. . . . The ice bag on the head signifies that the subject was on my mind. . . . I alternated between the image of a magician and that of a clown, trying to make a combination of the two."

Indeed, it could be said that no living artist combines the roles of magician and clown with as much skill as Oldenburg—except, obviously, Picasso. His achievement has been to take an extraordinary range of banal objects, invest them with consistent metaphoric power, and turn them into near-epic images of love and death. Baudelaire once remarked of talent that it "is nothing more nor less than childhood rediscovered at will—a childhood now equipped for self-expression, with manhood's capacities and a power of analysis which enables it to order the mass of raw material which it has involuntarily accumulated." So with Oldenburg, whose art, for all its complexity, signals a way back to the unexpressed appetites of childhood. "Everything I do is completely original," Oldenburg wrote in 1966. "I made it up when I was a little kid." ■ Robert Hughes

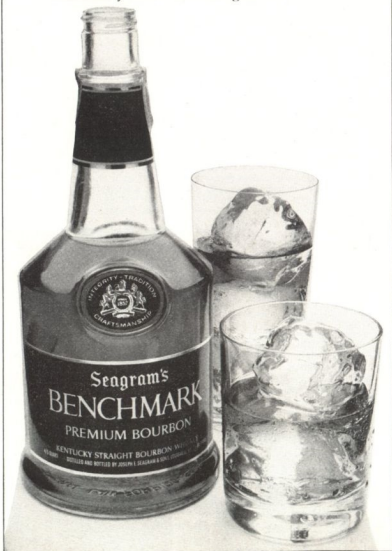
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THE PRESS

Peking Protest

Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler was bound to be criticized no matter how he selected the 87-member press party to accompany Richard Nixon to China. After all, there had been 2,000 applications. But when the list was announced last week,* correspondents complained that Ziegler had violated his pledge that preference would be given to news organizations that regularly cover the White House.

To his credit, Ziegler sought the widest possible audience in selecting 24 newspaper correspondents who represent 119 dailies. But he gave spots to Columnists William Buckley, Joseph Kraft and Richard Wilson, who presumably could analyze just as well from afar. He also awarded one place to the *Reader's Digest*, which has cordial relations with Nixon but neither covers the White House regularly nor is truly in the news business. The White House Correspondents Association protested the exclusion of four newspapers and radio chains that staff the White House full time.

There were also protests about giving 43 of the 87 places to broadcasters. The press secretary replied that "broadcast journalism requires more people." Then it turned out that of the 17 television "technicians" on the list, twelve are actually news executives from the three major networks. It seemed questionable that one vice president or executive producer was needed to supervise the work of each of the twelve network correspondents. It may also be that from the White House viewpoint, the historic journey will provide far more sight and sound than substance. Ziegler told UPI's Helen Thomas: "After all, it is a picture story."

Goodbye to Gore

MOM BOILED HER BABY AND ATE HER, screamed a *National Enquirer* front-page headline in 1962. I CUT OUT HER HEART AND STOMPED ON IT was another terrifying teaser in the weekly tabloid's gory old days. The paper's new day is something else. In a total turnaround, the *Enquirer* has banished cannibalism, sadism and sick sex in favor of a blend of upbeat success stories, gossip by and about celebrities, plus an overdose of the occult and the quasi-scientific. The switch to a kind of respectability has had spectacular results. Circulation, stalled at about 1,000,000 at the height of the *Enquirer*'s grisly period a few years ago, has risen to 2,600,000 and is still climbing.

Once boosted almost furtively from

* Time Inc. has three places. White House Correspondent Jerrold Schecter will cover the trip for *Time*, Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sidney for *Life* and *Life*. Photographer John Dominis will represent both magazines.

newsstands by a predominantly male readership, the *Enquirer* now sells mainly in supermarkets to housewives. A 5¢ price rise to 20¢ last June has not deterred the customers, and the circulation department is installing 1,000 new store racks a week.

Overfull Liz. What is offered to the housewives is hardly momentous, as reflected in such recent headlines as DO DOGS HAVE ESP? or ROD STEIGER TALKS ABOUT HIS FACE LIFT & HIS NEW GIRL. But then Owner-President Generoso Pope Jr., 45, feels that "what you see on Page One of the New York Times does not really interest most people, and interest is our only real rule."

Judging from a typical issue this month, *Enquirer* readers are interested in Richard Burton's anatomical analysis of Liz ("overfull of calories, maybe, but . . . superb of body, not a sag or a wrinkle"). That story was bought from a London paper. Another piece reports claims by some "experts" that "messages from the dead are received by almost 50% of normal people." Pope's audience is told of the supposition that because alcoholic rats drink more in the dark, cocktail lounges keep the lights low.

When the *Enquirer* tugs at heartstrings, it gets a response. Recent appeals on behalf of five needy or handicapped persons quickly raised nearly \$100,000. An article on a little Brooklyn girl who wanted to receive Christmas greetings drew not only 70,000 cards but a letter from Pat Nixon as well. Such pulling power also attracts advertisers. Though the paper employs

not a single ad salesman, it gets 40% more unsolicited advertising than it can accommodate, and Pope insists that he could turn a profit with no advertising at all, thanks to high circulation and low overhead.

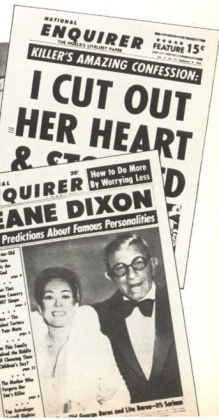
The picture was not always that pleasant for Gene Pope. Born in The Bronx, he edited his father's Italian-language *Il Progresso* before buying the debt-ridden New York *Enquirer* in 1952 with \$75,000 in borrowed money. Pope transformed it from a horse-racing sheet into a gruesome tabloid in order to turn a profit. "I noticed how auto accidents drew crowds," he recalls, "and I decided that if it was blood that interested people, I'd give it to them." In the mid-1960s, however, circulation leveled off, and the number of newsstands and corner candy stores began to decline. Pope saw supermarkets as potential new outlets but realized that he would have to clean up the *Enquirer* to gain acceptance. He hired virtually a whole new staff in 1968 and changed the paper's tone.

High Pay. Circulation fell to 700,000 with the switch but quickly recovered in six months, and has been rising ever since. "I don't think the old paper really hurt anybody," Pope says, "but I'm not particularly proud of what it was." Today Pope has both pride and profit. He will not say how much the paper makes, but he is building a beachfront mansion near Palm Beach. "People who wouldn't spit on us before," he says, "are clamoring to write stories for us—Congressmen, Cabinet officers, even J. Edgar Hoover."

Last summer Pope moved his en-



"NATIONAL ENQUIRER'S" POPE



THE OLD (TOP) & THE NEW

tire editorial operation from New Jersey to Lantana, Fla., and the whole editorial staff of 33 was delighted to go along, both for place and pay. *Enquirer* writers make starting salaries of \$20,000 a year. Copy editors average \$30,000 and top editors well over \$50,000. Even stringers, who supply many story ideas and some of the rough copy, earn up to \$10,000.

Hydrant Stops. Pope admits to affection for the "old-fashioned stunts of the Hearst-Pulitzer days." He is now dreaming of a transcontinental train race between Rail Buffs Jackie Gleason and Dan Blocker of *Bonanza* fame. The *Enquirer* has offered \$50,000 rewards for the first hard evidence of the existence of UFOs and the first contact to be made by a scientist with another civilization in the universe.

On a more mundane level, the paper adopted a scraggly mutt from a Miami dog pound last month and invited readers to name him. Pope promises to take the dog to Manhattan's prestigious Westminster show to meet his betters, and then to Hollywood for a session with Lassie. The *Enquirer* will note every hydrant stop along the way.

Pressure in Peru

Pedro Beltrán is one of Peru's few enlightened aristocrats. As Prime Minister from 1959 to 1961, he brought the country back from the brink of economic collapse with a hard-nosed policy of "austerity within the framework of a free economy." For the past 22 years, Beltrán, now 75, has also used his sober, middle-of-the-road *La Prensa* in Lima to protest both social injustice from the far right and suppression of freedoms from the left. His targets have included the leftist military regime that came to power in 1968. Though Beltrán's criticism has been relatively mild, the government of President Juan Velasco Alvarado is forcing him to give up his paper.

Last year Beltrán accepted a visiting professorship at the University of Virginia and was away from Peru precisely six months and eleven days. Whereupon the government invoked a recent "freedom of the press" regulation that requires newspaper owners to live in the country continuously for at least six months a year. Technically a lawbreaker, Beltrán was ordered to sell his controlling interest in the paper.

As expected, his appeal of the decision was rejected, though he got some support. The Inter-American Press Association protested and dailies in Argentina, Colombia, Mexico and the U.S. joined in with editorial condemnation. Even Lima's independent *El Comercio* risked the regime's wrath by siding with Beltrán. But the government has obviously been gunning for him; it has already hounded one of his editors into exile and ordered Beltrán's gracious, 300-year-old Lima town house razed in the name of urban renewal.



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Not for Women Only

It must have seemed like Barbara Walters Week at the White House. Barbara's name cropped up on the Administration's list of 87 journalists chosen to accompany President Nixon to China, making her one of three women in the entourage and the only woman who is not a regular White House correspondent. At the same time, in her capacity as one of the interlocutors on NBC's early-morning *Today* show, Barbara came out with the first television interview with H.R. Haldeman, a key member of Nixon's Teutonic guard. She elicited from Haldeman the charge that critics of Nixon's Viet Nam peace plan were "consciously aiding and abetting the enemy"—a remark that made headlines across the nation, drew angry rebuttals from the critics, and forced the White House to do some awkward smoothing over.

Such coups are nothing new for Barbara. Once, while she was filming a session with Tricia Nixon at the White House, Trish's father walked in unexpectedly and offered to put in a word for Barbara with England's Prince Philip, then on a U.S. visit. Philip taped an interview for *Today* with her the following morning. Later, at a state dinner in the White House, Barbara thanked Nixon for being such a good booking agent. "Whom would you like me to get next?" he laughed. "How about you, Mr. President?" she asked. And so, on his wife's birthday, Nixon sat down on a settee with Barbara for a cozy chat, in front of 6,000,000 viewers.

Political Probing. With such guests, and with less imposing ones from movie starlets to oddball hobbyists, Barbara is alternately breathy and brittle, cool and aggressive. Her technique is a model, to some observers, of what makes an interview great; to others, of what makes an interview grate. Recently Russian Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko was so nonplussed by her political probing ("Why are you allowed to travel while many other Russian writers cannot?") that he later de-

scribed her off the air as "a hyena in syrup."

Behind Barbara's toughness lies a lot of discipline. She rises at five a.m., reads five newspapers daily, keeps files of reviews and makes it a point to look at the book, movie or whatever of every scheduled guest. All this while being the wife of Theatrical Producer Lee Guber and the mother of a three-year-old adopted daughter. "She's very professional," says Film Critic Judith Crist, her sometime colleague on *Today*. "She's a damned good reporter, does most of her own writing and is a perfectionist." But Barbara, a sleek brunette of 40, has another side too. "I am also on the *Today* show to add small talk, to smile pleasantly and be attractive," she says. Once, asked whether she felt the show exploited her as a sex object, she replied: "I should hope so."

Triple Ratings. Boston-born, Barbara is the daughter of Lou Walters, who opened the Latin Quarter nightclubs in Boston, Miami and New York. After studying English at Sarah Lawrence, she flirted with acting, then took a speedwriting course and went to work as a secretary at NBC. Researching and writing stints followed, and eight years ago she went on camera as the 16th permanent "Today girl," the first who was allowed to do much more than decorate the set, and the one who stuck.

Just over a year ago, Barbara branched out with a briskly selling book, *How to Talk with Practically Anybody About Practically Anything*. Last year, she took over as moderator of a local New York morning show called *For Women Only*, changing the name to *Not For Women Only*. The ratings have tripled since, and this week the show is going on the air in Washington as well. "It would be nice to have my own network program," Barbara says. "The only woman with a daily network show is Dinah Shore, and she sings. I'd like to do evening news specials like the men do. A female anchor-man on the nightly news hasn't happened yet either." No, but will it? "China," says Barbara, "is a step."

BARBARA WALTERS INTERVIEWING H.R. HALDEMAN IN HIS WASHINGTON OFFICE



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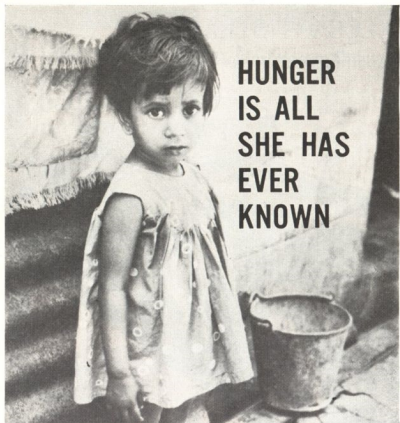
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MILESTONES



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You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

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the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and a priceless friendship.

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So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Died. Diana Cooper DeBakey, 62, wife of Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, the pioneer in cardiac surgery and transplants; of a heart attack; in Houston.

Died. Llewellyn Thompson, 67, diplomat and Kremlinologist; of cancer; in Bethesda, Md. Thompson made deft use of two valuable assets: patience and a thorough knowledge of his opponent. The career Foreign Service officer successfully negotiated the Austrian State Treaty with the Russians, ending Austria's postwar occupation, and the Trieste settlement resolving the Italian-Yugoslav dispute over the Adriatic seaport. His two tours as Ambassador to Moscow (1957-62 and 1967-69) covered some explosive moments in U.S.-Soviet relations, including the U-2 incident and the 1961 Berlin crisis, but through it all Thompson maintained excellent rapport with Soviet leaders. He was also valued for his ability to analyze Soviet intentions and predict how the Kremlin would react in specific cases; thus the White House sought his advice during the Cuban missile confrontation.

Died. Walter Lang, 73, motion-picture director for 36 years; of liver failure following surgery; in Palm Springs, Calif. Hollywood was making silent movies when Lang arrived in 1925, but he made the jump into talkies, Technicolor and wide screens with ease. He directed nearly 40 films including *Cheaper by the Dozen*, *Call Me Madam*, *Can Can* and *The King and I*.

Died. Sinclair Weeks, 78, crack Republican fund raiser who became President Eisenhower's Commerce Secretary; of cerebral arteriosclerosis; in Concord, Mass. The son of a Boston financier, Weeks was a G.O.P. stalwart throughout the party's lean '30s and '40s and served as treasurer of the Republican National Committee during the war. In 1952 Weeks raised \$6,000,000 for the campaign. As a Cabinet officer (1953-58), he was best known for his successful advocacy of the Administration's multibillion-dollar highway program and his support of U.S. investments abroad.

Died. May Craig, 83, matriarch of the Irish theater; in Dublin. In 1907 Craig appeared in the first performance of J.M. Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*, at Dublin's Abbey Theater. By the standards of the time, the play was considered risqué and derogatory to Irish society; the controversy escalated to street riots. Both Craig and the Abbey survived the dispute. She cultivated an American audience during six U.S. tours, and remained a trouper for more than 60 years.

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We cannot sell you what you don't want.

What we can do is watch and listen, read and study. We pay close attention to people, in almost every corner of the world. We can spot a preference, track a trend, use what we learn in one country to help clients in another.

We discover all kinds of things

you do want—like convenience, or fun, or reassurance.

Then we tell you about products that meet your wants. We try to be bright, interesting, accurate. We match what we have to sell with what we believe you want. Sometimes we help a client create new products you'll like.

Advertising didn't make anybody wish he could take movies of his baby in ordinary room light. But Kodak recognized a want—and created a way to meet it; we found a way to tell you what they had done. The new cameras are selling about as fast as they can be made.

That's advertising. We work hard to make it work.

But sell you something you don't want? You're too smart for that.



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BRAZIL

Right-Wing Prosperity

CARNIVAL hits Brazil this week, and millions of cariocas, paulistas and other citizens will have more to celebrate than in years. Cynics have long said that Latin America's biggest country "is the land of the future—and always will be the land of the future." Suddenly, however, the future is right on the horizon.

After seven years of austerity, economic innovations and political repression, Brazil claims one of the fastest-growing economies in Latin America. Its gross national product last year advanced more than 11% (to a still modest \$40 billion). A wave of consumer spending has given fresh fuel to the world's eighth largest car industry, which last year increased production by 20%, to 500,000 units. Sales of consumer durables—TV sets, refrigerators, washing machines and other appliances

—went up by almost one quarter in 1971. While Chile under its Leftist President Salvador Allende is nearly bankrupt, Brazil has prospered under a right-wing military regime. Even Brazil's many Latin critics are beginning to look enviously at the country's economic success.

Tax Credits. When the army seized power in 1964, Brazil was nearly broke and veering toward chaos after years of left-wing leadership. Overreacting, the generals used fear and torture to crush political opposition and curtail civil liberties. To cool the dangerously overheated economy, Economic Planning Minister Roberto Campos introduced an unpopular but necessary austerity program. In 1967 the government started pushing economic growth, and the generals brought in as Finance Minister Antônio Delfim Netto, a brilliant, bullying São Paulo State finance secretary and former economics professor. Delfim has been given a free hand in running the economy and now, at 43, is the second most powerful man in Brazil, after President Emílio Garrastazu Médici.

To open up the economy, Delfim relaxed consumer credit restrictions and postponed income tax collections. Wage increases were tied to productivity gains, about 3% to 4% yearly. Delfim also eased price controls; that gave a lift to production, but certainly did not help slow inflation. Last year prices accelerated by 20%, which would be horrendous almost anywhere except in Latin America, where many countries have often suffered even steeper price increases.

Delfim brought in many stimulative

innovations. Under a special investment tax credit, Brazilians now can divert 12% of their income tax obligations into mutual funds and watch their earnings grow. This has not only enlarged capital sources for industry but has started an epidemic of investment fever. Many workers are also buying stock with their own money, and the São Paulo stock exchange is one of the world's most active bourses; volume last year rose by 250%. One enterprising stock vendor even sends agents out in canoes to sell along the rivers of the interior.

Yet the benefits of the new wealth have been largely confined to the middle-class minority, while the majority remains mired in varying degrees of poverty. Even President Médici concedes: "The economy is going well, the people not so well." As a start on redistributing the wealth, the government now requires employers to open bank accounts for all employees and deposit part of the firm's profits into them. Workers are permitted to draw on this account only to buy a house, pay medical bills or pursue other goals that the government deems worthwhile.

Foreign Welcome. The government has also budgeted \$7 billion over the next three years for public works, notably the Transamazonian Highway, part of a 9,000-mile network that aims to open up the largely uninhabited interior. In the hardscrabble northeast, it is about to pour in \$800 million to help attract industry. Rio's *favelas*, the infamous slums that once contained 950,000 of the city's residents, now house about 450,000; the last *favela* is scheduled for demolition within the next five years, and the *favelados* are being moved to cheap government-built housing far from the center of town. A government-sponsored project to teach reading and writing to 21 million totally illiterate Brazilians—almost a quarter of the 96 million population—is also under way.

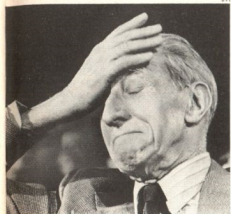
Brazil has also welcomed foreign investment, especially from the U.S., which has sent \$1.6 billion in Government financial aid to support the regime. Of the \$4 billion in direct private investment in Brazil, almost half has been supplied by U.S. firms, including General Electric, Kodak, GTE Sylva and IBM (Brazil's biggest exporter). As the country's industrial base expands, Brazilians are acquiring a new sense of pre-eminence in Latin America that is making some of their neighbors nervous. Brazil is not yet strong enough to pursue a really imperialistic course, and the generals still rely on an indefinite suspension of civil liberties to stay in power. But the country that has a third of Latin America's population and much of its natural resources obviously has a major role to play.



FINANCE MINISTER DELFIM NETTO



THROGS AT RIO'S COPACABANA BEACH



ILL.W.U.'S HARRY BRIDGES

LABOR

Opening the Ports

Union men have long lamented that 70-year-old Harry Bridges, once an especially hot labor firebrand, has mellowed with the years. Such talk will probably not be heard much after this week when, as Bridges expects, his 15,000 West Coast longshoremen at 24 ports vote to accept a 34% raise and end the nation's longest dock strike.

Bridges probably would have kept the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union out even longer had the 18-week dispute not brought the Nixon Administration and Congress to the brink of tough antistrike legislation. Last fall Nixon invoked the Taft-Hartley Act's 80-day cooling-off period to suspend the West Coast dock walkout. When it expired on Christmas Day and the strike resumed last month, the President revived a proposal sent to Congress last year and menacingly renamed it "The Crippling Strikes Prevention Act." A key provision would have enabled the President to name a panel of arbitrators that could impose the last "reasonable" offer made by either employers or union as a final settlement. That might have resulted in unions being forced to accept the employer terms against which they had struck. One version of that measure failed to pass the Senate last week by a surprisingly thin margin of only three votes. A rewritten bill, providing compulsory arbitration of the West Coast dock strike only, reached Nixon's desk last week—a day after Bridges and the 122-company Pacific Maritime Association announced an agreement.

Catching Up? The 18-month contract provides for \$2.51 an hour in higher wages and fringe benefits, including dental care, paid prescription drugs, overtime pay for working more than six hours a day and 36 hours of guaranteed pay a week—even if there is no work to do. In all, a West Coast dockster could be making an extra \$100

a week in wages and fringes by the end of the contract.

Once the pact is ratified by union members, it will face one more hurdle: the Pay Board. The agreement's average yearly increment of 23% is four times the board's 5.5% guideline. Union and company bargainers are hopeful, however, that the board will consider the package a "catch-up" settlement and allow it to stand. Bridges' men have not negotiated a raise since 1966.

AVIATION

Supersonic Travel

Like a vapor trail in a clear winter sky, a trace of the supersonic transport lingers on. Congress shot down the SST last spring after a titanic propaganda battle between environmentalists and the aerospace industry. But one weapon in the fight, a pro-SST primer published in 1969, is still being used in some of the nation's elementary schools.

Teacher's Guide for SST-T-T (Sound, Sense, Today, Tomorrow, Thereafter), a 73-page booklet published by the Department of Transportation, contains suggested writing and research assignments and fables aimed at promoting supersonic travel. The booklet's cast of characters includes Marita the Supersonic Pussycat (the first feline to fly to Paris on the SST). Deci Belle (a "smooth chick with good looks" who "was attracted to noise—the louder the better"), and The House That Had to Move ("Now the airport has room to grow. More jets can do their job of helping people travel"). As part of a role-playing exercise, students are told to imagine that they are head of the Federal Aviation Administration confronting a group of citizens concerned about the SST's sonic boom: "You must convince them that the program is important and should continue by presenting the facts about sonic booms and their effects."

According to DOT Secretary John Volpe, 50,000 copies of *SST-T-T* have been distributed to educators as part of the department's Interagency Aircraft

Noise Abatement Program. The expense has been minor, but still the booklet has been plagued by that old aerospace problem, the cost overrun. Costs have exceeded the budgeted \$5,000 by \$2,871.42.

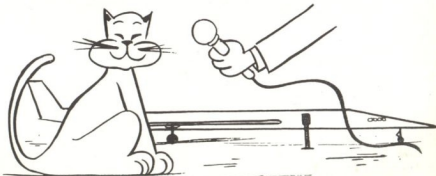
ENTERPRISE

Fortune from Fat

In late 1961 Mrs. Jean Nidetch, then a compulsive eater and an equally nonstop talker, decided to use one of her characteristics to combat the other. She began holding meetings with overweight neighbors, during which they encouraged each other to stick to diets. As the 48-year-old Mrs. Nidetch never tires of relating, that was the start of a new life that has transformed her from a 214-lb. Queens, N.Y., housewife into a trim 142-lb. career woman. It also was the beginning of a multinational business, Weight Watchers International, that is gaining financial weight as rapidly as its clients lose pounds.

Weight Watchers now franchises 101 operators to run weight-reduction courses in 49 states and some foreign countries, including England, Australia, West Germany and Israel. The franchise holders last year took in \$45 million, up \$16 million from 1970, largely from registration and other fees; they turn 10% over to the parent company. The parent company in addition distributes a bestselling Weight Watchers cookbook and publishes a Weight Watchers magazine (circ. 550,000) that is crammed not only with recipes for low-calorie meals but with fashion, travel and even astrological advice. For the past four years, the organization has licensed two food companies to market frozen dinners (fish, turkey, chicken and veal) and a line of low-calorie soft drinks and skimmed milk under the Weight Watchers label.

Outdoing G.M. All these activities in 1971 brought Weight Watchers International revenues of \$10 million and profits of \$1.5 million. The company's stock, issued at \$11.25 a share in 1968, after a two-for-one split is now \$18 in the over-the-counter market. One result: Founder and President Nidetch,



MARITA THE SUPERSONIC PUSSYCAT AFTER SST LANDING IN FRANCE

BUSINESS

who started out with a \$1.56 checking account, now owns Weight Watchers stock worth almost \$6,000,000.

Weight Watchers' success is the more remarkable because it is based so largely on talk. The company's high-protein diet for years was essentially the same one that anybody could get free from a New York City Health department obesity clinic merely by walking in and asking for it—as Mrs. Nidetch herself did in the beginning. Relying on frozen dinners to lose weight is an old bit of dieters' advice, and Weight Watchers dinners are a bit more expensive (99¢ to \$1.65) than those of regular food processors, but the company claims that its dinners have larger portions with lower calorie counts.



NIDETCH AS 214-LB. HOUSEWIFE (1956)

An atmosphere part religious revival, part high school pep rally.

The unique mark of the Weight Watchers operation is the weekly class, which combines the atmospheres of a religious revival meeting and a high school pep rally. As they arrive, members weigh in; their weekly gains or losses are recorded on cards and later read off to the assemblage. Under the guidance of a trained lecturer, those who have taken off pounds are loudly applauded; backsliders are sympathetically counseled to show renewed dieting determination.

This approach turns off some sophisticated, but it is a demonstrable success. Some 3,000,000 fatties over the past 8½ years have paid to attend one or more sessions; fees now are about \$4 to register and \$3 for each of 16 weekly classes. Many of those attending overeat out of loneliness and find the camaraderie and understanding of the weekly classes a more important aid to dieting than the injunctions to weigh all their food. Says Mrs. Nidetch: "Compulsive eating is an emotional problem, and we use an

emotional approach to its solution."

Weight Watchers is now offering some other inducements. At a splashy Manhattan press reception last month, Mrs. Nidetch announced that the company now allows in its formerly sacrosanct diet such once "illegal" items as spaghetti, macaroni, potatoes, rice and mayonnaise. The company's nutritional consultants explained that such foods eaten in small portions do not defeat a weight-reduction program—indeed, they enhance it by alleviating the boredom that often makes dieters give up. Mrs. Nidetch last week turned up on the Merv Griffin TV show to promote the new diet and plug the latest addition to the Weight Watchers food



AS 142-LB. ENTREPRENEUR

line: imitation ice cream (35¢ for a 4½-oz. cup that contains 138 calories). With such innovations, she thinks that the company will have no difficulty increasing its revenues 30% a year.

AUSTRIA

Selling Glamour

When Skier Karl Schranz returned to Austria last week from Japan, where he had been barred from competition in the Winter Olympics, he got a hero's welcome from 100,000 Viennese—more than had turned out to see either John F. Kennedy or Queen Elizabeth II. The singing, cheering crowds demonstrated a sound instinct for commercial values. A disproportionate share of Austria's money and jobs comes from the skimming industry, with a mighty boost from the prestige of ski champions like Schranz.

Austria is a small country (pop. 7.4 million) that lives by its wits and its

scant resources. One of those resources is a reservoir of expertise in skimming, which equips a leisure-time activity that is growing phenomenally all over the world. The number of skiers in all countries has jumped from an estimated 3,000,000 since World War II to the present 15 million. The Austrian ski industry now makes more than a quarter of all the world's skis. Last year 230 Austrian firms exported about \$80 million in ski equipment and clothing, more than three times sales in 1965. This year Austria's (and the world's) largest skimmer, Josef Fischer, expects to produce 700,000 pairs of skis, a tenfold increase since 1951. Its major competitors are the firms of Franz Kneissl, which makes 300,000 pairs, Anton Arnsteiner (280,000) and Alois Rohrmoser (250,000).

Searching the Slopes. All four firms have learned to sell glamour as well as craftsmanship. Kneissl, for which Schranz has worked since he was a teen-ager, claims that its skis have helped capture 16 Olympic medals. It urges its salesmen to "mention our victories in your sales talks." Like its competitors, Kneissl regularly sends out talent scouts to search the mountainsides for promising 12- and 13-year-olds, whom it hires as apprentices, sends to secondary school and trains to be champion skiers.

Inevitably, the ethics of amateur skiing have been altered by the strain of the sponsors' competition. In the 1950s, Austrian Ski Star Toni Sailer supposedly earned a modest \$1,200 a year from advertising. Eventually he dropped out of competition after the International Ski Federation investigated his role in Sailer-Tex, an Italian textile firm to which he had lent his name. "I hoped that my leaving would be understood as a protest against the hypocrisy of the so-called amateur status," Sailer said recently. "But the situation has only become worse."

Indeed it has. Today, Karl Schranz is said to make \$60,000 a year from various promotional activities. As the roaring crowds that welcomed him last week illustrate, few of his countrymen mind. One possible reason is that Austria's skimmers will need all the help that they can get from the champions whom they sponsor in order to hold on to their market share against tightening foreign competition.

In recent years, several leading ski manufacturers in Italy, Germany and Switzerland have been acquired by British and American firms. The Austrian skimmers, who for the most part are the sons of the cartmakers and carpenters who started the business, have thus far resisted the temptation to sell out. "I am worth more every day," boasts "Toni" Arnsteiner, himself a former ski racer. "So why should I sell?" He foresees, however, that "in a few years, ten manufacturers will remain the world over. The problem is to be among them."

A 10-story air cleaner doesn't run on flashlight batteries

Imagine a vacuum cleaner-like machine 10 stories high that filters 6 tons of dust and fumes out of 800 tons of air — every hour.

That's some antipollution device. It was installed recently in an automobile foundry.

Now, imagine the electricity it takes to keep that monstrous machine going. 129,600,000 kilowatt-hours a year. About as much as 50,000 people use in their homes. A lot of power.

But if air pollution is to be controlled, it'll take mammoth machines like this one and power to match.

Most industrial air-pollution problems respond to one or a combination of three basic cleaning methods.

The filter system — like the one described above, where air is filtered through fabric bags or the like.

The electrostatic precipitator — electrically charged plates capture charged pollutants much as clothing grabs lint.

The scrubber — fine sprays of water trap particles and gases, washing the air like a good rain.

Each needs electricity to do its job.

And as all of us get more and more into cleaning up the environment, electricity will be needed to power more and better environment cleaners.

Of course, the electric industry is no exception. The industry has spent almost a billion dollars on air-pollution control equipment and has much more committed.

And while we're busy cleaning up our own backyards, we're also needed to help everyone else.

By making sure there's enough electricity to power their pollution-fighting machines, too.

Our country's ability to do the work that needs to be done will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste. New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment.

We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies.*

*For names of sponsoring companies, write to Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.



BOOKS

Up Against the Wall

THE LONG MARCH: 1935

by DICK WILSON

331 pages. Viking. \$8.95.

No understanding of Mao Tse-tung's present state—psychological or otherwise—is possible without some knowledge of the *Ch'ang Cheng*, the Long March upcountry by which the Chinese Communist forces escaped annihilation nearly 40 years ago.

In the autumn of 1934, the Kiangsi soviet founded by Mao and his comrade-in-arms Chu Teh in the mountains of south-central China was about to be overrun by close to a million

mythic content. In her own book called *The Long March*, Simone de Beauvoir made it an elaborate Gallic metaphor for revolution, while André Malraux (who got Mao to tell him about it in 1965) used it, in his non-biography *Antimémoires*, mostly as an excuse for some very elegant prose. Dick Wilson, an editor of the Singapore *Straits Times*, has modestly tried to assemble a straightforward account based on Chinese sources, scrupulously avoiding conjecture. The result is fascinating despite certain obvious problems. Original documents relating to the march are scarce and those that survive may well have been doctored.

Even so, Wilson's story is filled with

to ascend foot-wide steps cut in a sheer rock face. To cross the Tatu River, suicide squads crawled along swaying chains straight into Nationalist machine-gun fire. Before their men could pass through the land of the Lolos, a savage tribe living in western Szechwan, column leaders were forced to drink blood in a friendship ceremony. On the Great Snow Mountain mud was waist-deep, and in the valleys beyond, Fan warriors rolled boulders off precipices onto the marchers. "Everywhere from the mountains," one soldier remembered, "we heard the tribal horns calling men to battle."

Since Wilson attempts nothing in the way of original research, the full story of the Long March remains to be written. He does, however, venture a shrewd discussion of its emotional and political legacies—the rigid quasimilitary party discipline, the guerrilla ethic, the Chinese independence from Russia (whose pre-march advice calling for urban uprisings was all bad).

Above all, one perceives how the unchallenged superiority of Mao came about. Animated by fierce peasant common sense, flexible to the point of heresy, Churchillian in his timing and eloquence, the Chairman dominated the Long March. He also distilled its hortatory romance into poetry. In February 1935, at the retaking of the Loushan Pass, he wrote:

Do not say
that the pass is defended with
iron.

This very day
at one step
we shall cross over it.
We shall cross over it.

The hills are blue like the sea,
And the dying sun is like blood.

■ Charles Elliott



WOODCUT CELEBRATING MAO'S SUCCESSFUL RETREAT FROM CHIANG'S NATIONALISTS

"Put back the doors you use for bedboards."

Nationalist troops commanded by Chiang Kai-shek and his German advisers. On October 16, 100,000 Red soldiers and camp followers slipped southwestward through the cordon. For a year, harried continuously by Chiang's armies, hunger, disease and local warlords, they walked west and north, 6,000 miles in all, to reach the barren cave-pocked lands near the Great Wall northwest of Yen-an. Failure at any one of a dozen points would have meant extinction of Communist hopes, possibly forever; but success meant more than mere survival. Veterans of the *Ch'ang Cheng* would wage war against the Japanese and finally take over all China. Today, wreathed in age and honors like Mao, they occupy four or five hundred of the country's key military and bureaucratic positions.

Even while it was going on, the Long March lay on the edge of myth. No one has done much to reduce its

heroism, excitement and sharp detail that even the dreariest agitprop boiler plate cannot obscure. On the march, reports Mao's batman, "he used to carry his briefcase himself, and the umbrella." Mao's so-called "Eight Additional Rules" for troop conduct included "Put back the doors you use for bedboards" and "Don't bathe in the sight of women." One nagging personnel problem was the German agent known as Li Teh, who annoyed Chou by his "need for female companionship," yet was so big that "small and thin women could not put up with him." Eventually he was fobbed off with a stout girl named Hsiao—until she deserted during the march.

The bare statistics of the *Ch'ang Cheng* are staggering: 24 rivers and 18 mountain ranges crossed, ceaseless skirmishing, 62 cities taken, breakouts from ten encirclements. Negotiating La-shan (Old Mountain), troops had

Gourmet Crookery

THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE

by GEORGE V. HIGGINS

183 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

This spare first novel is the sleeper of the current publishing season. A sophisticated thriller, it tracks the downfall of a marginal crook—a Boston gunrunner named Eddie Coyle. The author comes from Boston's South Shore and is a 31-year-old assistant federal attorney for Massachusetts. He knows intimately the riffraff at the edge of organized crime—the pacts and betrayals, the phone calls in bars, the meetings in cafeterias and shopping centers. By using the procedures of surveillance, he is able to achieve a dumbfoundingly authentic atmosphere. Readers feel at once that they have slipped unaware into new and dangerous territory.

Until the third chapter Coyle is referred to only as "the stocky man," in much the same way that a surveillance report would characterize a short man who is carrying too much weight. Ed-

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gas
here**



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Here are a few more ways to save on gas. Have your furnace checked once a year and change the filters regularly. Don't put chests or

couches in front of heat outlets. Let the sunshine in on sunny days, but close the drapes at night. Don't forget storm windows and doors. Also you can weatherstrip, be careful about leaving doors open, and close the damper when the fireplace is not in use—so you're not heating the whole outdoors.

There is now a serious shortage of gas and all kinds of energy. Every little bit you can do helps.

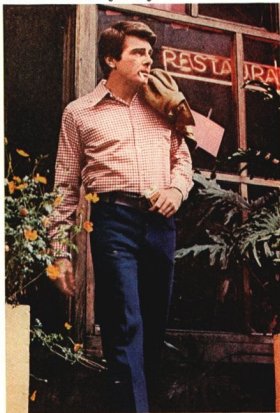
Gas, clean energy for today and tomorrow



With every pair of Mr. Stanley's Hot Pants goes a free pack of short-short filter cigarettes.

Now everybody will be wearing hot pants and smoking short-short filter cigarettes

...almost everybody.



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Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)



20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. 71.

BOOKS

die is on a desperate course. He has a lucrative deal supplying factory-fresh 38s to a bank robber named Jimmy Scalfisi, but he is also up for sentencing for a truck hijacking. "I can't afford to do no more time," he tells a friendly federal prosecutor. "The kids're growing up and they go to school and the other kids make fun of them." Eddie's only hope is to trade recklessly on information and betray his "friends," who, as it happens, are preparing to finger him.

Almost the whole book is dialogue, and it is truly a bravura performance. Higgins is a master of the colorful street language heard around Boston. Throughout the novel, without quaintness or self-parody, he is able to sustain long arias of criminal shoptalk. The reason is that he never merely transcribes. Like Salinger and Raymond Chandler, his ear is really for mental processes. All Eddie's friends use the same idiom, but it is always easy to know which one is talking.

"I don't like an automatic," says Scalfisi. "I had one once and I pulled it out and pointed it at the guy and good thing for me he backed down. If he'd've come at me I would've stood there dry-snapping it at him. You just don't have time to crank one in when you need a piece, is all." Higgins may do for "is all" what Salinger's Holden Caulfield did for "and all" in *The Catcher in the Rye*. Still another Boston location is the proliferation of the word "there," uttered as often and as meaninglessly as "well" elsewhere in the U.S. To wit: "When he was in Billerica the last time there," or, "So this broad hollers at me there." It would gladden the heart of Gertrude Stein there.

It may be relevant that when George Higgins was in Boston College, he wrote a term paper on "Poker Terms of the South Shore." He has always been listening, it seems, but for such a talented listener he is a very ebullient young man.

He loved Boston College, where he majored in English after a brief fling at pre-med. "Back in 1961, B.C. was a neighborly place. The students, faculty and deans could get together of an evening and have a few beers and sing whatever Behan sang on educational TV the night before. You could quarrel and maintain mutual respect." After such intimacy, a year at Stanford came as a shock. "You couldn't see professors without an appointment. There were awful boozy confrontations between professors and graduate students. I went there to learn how to write fiction—which can't be taught, but I didn't know that then. Anyway I bled out—bleeding ulcers."

Higgins came home to Hingham, Mass., where he had grown up as the son of a high school teacher. A stint as an A.P. rewrite man gave him formidable fluency: "Rewrite is like toilet training," he says. "It's not hard, and once

you learn it you never forget it." A shift to Springfield, Mass., meant that he had to cover the state courthouse. After sitting through about 150 trials, Higgins decided that trial lawyers were having more fun than he was, and he went back to B.C. for a law degree. He has been a public prosecutor for three years, and he loves his work. "I'm like Henry Cabot Lodge, working for the job, not the money," he says. "It's just great if you have some smoked Virginia in you. I like to try cases and I have the benefit of righteousness."

The Friends of Eddie Coyle is Higgins' eleventh novel. He junked the other ten. He does not begrudge the time or the rejection slips. Higgins has never had to milk out the words. Four typewriters fell before the onslaught of prose. So has an agent, whom Higgins gallantly does not name, who dropped him because she thought *Eddie Coyle* was unsalable. "Nothing will ever come up to the first belt when I got that letter from Knopf!"

Higgins cheerfully admits to logorrhea and predicts a book a year while continuing to work full time as a federal attorney. He is cool and confident and willing to give anything a try. Dillon, the hit man who is the best character in *Eddie Coyle*, was the first shadow to cross the author's brain. "And I said to myself, what's it cost me to foul up some paper?"

■ Martha Duffy

WHAM!

VIETNAM INC.

by PHILIP JONES GRIFFITHS
223 pages. Macmillan, \$7.95.

Philip Jones Griffiths is a young Welshman, a Magnum photographer-writer who worked in Viet Nam roughly for five years (1966-71). He hates the war, and his book, particularly the captions and brief texts that begin its various sections, will perhaps initially



TEN-YEAR-OLD KILLER OF TWO V.C.
A burnt-out case.



ARVN SOLDIER & WOUNDED CIVILIAN
Courtesy of the quiet American.

dismay even some readers who would like to run, not walk, to the nearest exit in Viet Nam.

As a writer, Griffiths does indeed have a weakness for overstatement and simplification. But he has grasped that the American presence in Viet Nam has little to do with chatter about genocide and neocolonialist exploitation. Instead he believes that the tragedy is the result of twin U.S. delusions. The first is that Viet Nam wants to become, and can be made into, something like a modern free-enterprise democracy. The second holds that no country, however different from our own, if given any choice, would ever choose anything but the American way.

In trying to show that the muscular and largely blind application of those two delusions in Viet Nam has helped make the country into an incipient urban slum, a vast garbage heap, and a burnt-out case of political and military folly, Griffiths follows the lead of Graham Greene, who more than 15 years ago, in *The Quiet American*, wrote what is still the most prescient book about the U.S. intervention in Indochina. Greene's American, it may be recalled, was well-intentioned and high-minded in a peculiarly tenacious and disastrous way. But his real problem was complete ignorance of historic cause and effect, of the Vietnamese language and culture, and above all a lack of understanding about what can and cannot be accomplished through dynamite and politics.

Griffiths' book is sharpest when he is dealing with subjects that lend themselves to the kind of heavy irony he practices—pacification, for example, WHAM (Winning the Hearts and Minds of the people, etc.), and Washington-based computerized evaluation of the ill-fated hamlet program. But *Vietnam Inc.* is more valuable when simply showing the pain and mess the war has caused. Because Griffiths, at his

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best, reinforces the sound historic conviction that this particular war could never have been won on terms useful to anyone, these sections have doubly tragic effect. They make the book one of the hardest-edged and most perceptive polemics against the war yet published—and the war still seems far from fading away. ■ Timothy Foote

Small Marvels

THE SCORPION GOD

by WILLIAM GOLDING

178 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$5.95.

William Golding looks like everyone's favorite uncle, the kind who pulls silver dollars out of your ear and is always just back from Tashkent. It occurs to the reader, as he inspects Golding's wise and mischievous mug on the dust jacket, that no one has pulled silver dollars out of his ear for a long time. It used to be fun.

It still is fun. What Golding is up to in these three short novels resembles, in fact, the best of literary imaginings for children. That is, although the subjects are adult and the perceptions subtle, the author makes all the decisions, and holds the reader's hand when the traffic is heavy. This sounds irritating but isn't, because in place of decisions, Golding offers wonders. Excused from responsibility, the reader watches in trust and delight as these marvels pass before his eyes.

The times are ancient, or older. Golding's method, as in *The Inheritors*, is simply to ask himself what it could have been like in those dim times and then to imagine an answer. He conjures baking sun, heat, a river, flat, dry beds of papyrus, stillness; then buildings, a mud town, a tiny, isolated river kingdom at the moment when the old god-king dies and the succession must be established. Mating in the royal line is incestuous, and while there is a suitable princess, her brother is a sickly and unpromising ten-year-old.

An alternative presents himself: the Court Liar, a wretch who earns his wine by reciting absurdities about lands so cold that water turns hard and men's skins are white. He is quick, deadly; he kills two soldiers with a spear; the princess is fascinated; he unsettles her lewdly with suggestions of non-incest; he talks of dominion over all the kingdoms of the valley, and has the wit, while breaking tradition, to wrap himself in new myth; he is the quick, stinging Scorpion God. She is tempted. Egypt begins.

Two other tales: one of life in a matriarchal hunting tribe of dawn men, the other a successful drollery about a Roman emperor plagued by a too-clever Greek slave. Nothing here echoes darkly in the mind like Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, nor is meant to. Small marvels have their value, and these offer an hour's pleasure. ■ John Skow

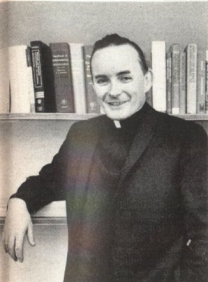
RELIGION

To Save a Bankrupt

U.S. Roman Catholic bishops suffered a sore surprise last year. A \$500,000 study they had commissioned reported that U.S. priests disagreed sharply with their hierarchy over matters of church discipline, liturgy and even moral teaching (TIME, April 26). Last week in Chicago, Priest-Sociologist Andrew Greeley, director of the priesthood study, told an *ad hoc* committee of bishops and priests what they should do about the results. His outspoken recommendations were hardly less painful than the study itself.

"Honesty compels me to say," Fa-

ARTHUR SIEGEL



SOCIOLOGIST ANDREW GREELEY
Painful honesty.

ther Greeley noted in a sad prologue, "that I believe the present leadership of the church to be morally, intellectually and religiously bankrupt." Unless the committee was ready to recommend representative government for the American church, he continued, it might as well go home. Most important, he urged that new bishops should be nominated by the priests of the dioceses in which they would serve. "There is no other way," Greeley submitted, "for the leadership to regain the power it has lost."

Citing the two-year study, Greeley reminded the committee that the basic crisis in the priesthood is over authority. No longer is that authority oppressive, insisted Greeley, because no one pays enough attention for it to be oppressive. Rather, the problem is "a collapse of confidence, credibility and consensus." Greeley noted that "priests do not consent to the teaching of the official church on the necessity of celibacy,

on birth control and on divorce." They will not "acknowledge that *Humanae Vitae* was a legitimate and appropriate use of authority at least as far as birth control goes, nor will they attempt to impose its requirements on the Catholic laity."

On the other hand, Greeley attacked the widely held notion that priests as a group are more frustrated, more lonely or more immature than other segments of the U.S. population. Far from being irrelevant, he argued, the priest's profession is a newly vital one. Today's priest is alive in "the most religious time in human history." People are no longer born into a given set of beliefs that can be expected to claim their lifelong loyalty. "There are other choices available," said Greeley, "and it is a very heavy burden to have to choose. Questions of meaning and belonging are more explicit in contemporary America than they have ever been before"—questions that it is the priest's role to help answer.

Uncertain Future. Unfortunately, as Greeley sees it, there is little new religious scholarship to help formulate the needed answers. The Second Vatican Council dislodged much traditional thinking, and a good deal of what has been produced since then, Greeley told the committee, has been mere fad. The U.S. church needs to have perhaps "ten or 20 at-large bishops" who are scholars themselves, and who would be free to concentrate on various specialties. One area that desperately needs new theoretical formulation, Greeley said, is sexual morality "to take into account the insights of modern psychology and personalistic philosophy."

Another serious problem for the priesthood—far more so than priestly resignations—is the decline in vocations, Greeley emphasized. He suggested a separate church commission to explore the problem. In the past, many vocations were born of the personal enthusiasm that priests were able to convey to younger men. Now, though many priests still seem comparatively content, they are reluctant to recommend the priesthood so long as the vocation has such an "uncertain future."

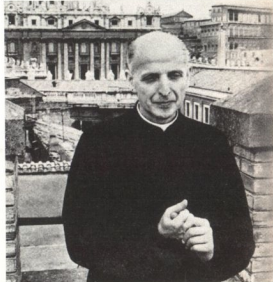
Tidings

► Will the U.S. Roman Catholic Church save ecumenical Protestantism? That could be the result if the Catholic Church in America decides to join the National Council of Churches. A 17-member study committee representing both the U.S. Catholic hierarchy and the council has spent two years examining the question. Last week the committee announced its conclusion: the U.S. Catholic Church, which already belongs to eleven statewide inter-church councils, ought to join the na-

tional organization. The N.C.C., in trouble with some member denominations for its social action, could use some new blood—and some new money. Its budget is down from nearly \$20 million in 1970 to \$17.6 million this year. The presence of the more theologically oriented Catholics might also act as a bridge to conservative Protestants still outside the N.C.C. Catholics, for their part, seem interested in reinforcing the flagging "faith and order" program of the N.C.C.—ecumenical discussions of theological issues that unite or divide the member churches. So far, there is no indication of whether the U.S. Catholic bishops will accept the recommendation.

► After St. Ignatius of Loyola founded the Society of Jesus 438 years ago, his Jesuits became the clerical

GPI



JESUIT GENERAL PEDRO ARRUPE
Loyal defender.

shock troops of the Counter Reformation, the loyal defenders of the papacy. Many members of the order still make a special vow of fidelity to the Pontiff. Lately, however, some of the most outspoken attacks on Pope Paul VI from within the church have come from Jesuits—attacks that their superior general now wants stopped. In a letter to the world's 31,860 Jesuits, made public last week, the Very Rev. Pedro Arrupe reminded them of their obligation to foster "love and respect for the person of the Holy Father." Pope Paul's public image has suffered "great damage," said Arrupe: "I felt deeply that some of us are partly responsible for this damage." Arrupe, who is known to be close to the Pope, argued that the "openness, charity and profound evangelical humility of Paul VI are such that they make all the more inopportune, unjust and intolerable the disrespectful way of some groups, including Catholics, in the world today."

CINEMA

Liza: Ja—the Film: Nein

CABARET

Directed by BOB FOSSE
Screenplay by JAY ALLEN

First came the short stories by Christopher Isherwood. Then John Van Druten strung them together to make a play called *I Am a Camera*, which eventually became a movie with Julie Harris. All this furnished the raw material six years ago for a Broadway musical called *Cabaret*, which is now reincarnated as a movie.

Something has been lost in the translations. Isherwood's stories were taut, bittersweet recollections of bohemian Berlin in the early '30s. By the time Scenarist Allen and Director Fosse have wrung them out, what's left—with one exception—is mostly slack and sour. The exception is their vibrant star Liza Minnelli, who cocks a derby over a green-shadowed eye and struts off with the movie, or as much of it as is worth carrying.

The central setting is the Kit Kat Club, a sleazy microcosm of Germany in transition. The songs and dances performed there form an ironic counterpoint to the action, which has mainly to do with the mad affairs of American-



LIZA MINNELLI AS SALLY BOWLES
Dedicated to decadence.

born Sally Bowles (Liza's role), a Kit Kat entertainer, who has dedicated her life to "divine decadence."

Sally's antic and readily available charms are sampled by a young Englishman called Brian Roberts (Michael York), who is in Berlin to study for a doctorate in philosophy. What he gets instead is a seminar in lowlife and a

confrontation with his own repressed homosexuality. His tutor in the latter is a baron named Max (Helmut Griem), who has also passed a few nights with Sally. "Screw Max!" exclaims an exasperated Brian one day. "I do," replies Sally. "So," says Brian, "do I." This complicates matters, since Sally and Brian are in love and Sally is pregnant—by whom, nobody seems sure.

In a mostly vain attempt to lend substance to these goings-on, there is a subplot involving a romance between a rich Jewish beauty and an impoverished gigolo who is masquerading as an Aryan. There are also solemn but superficial references to Nazis and intimations of the holocaust to come.

Bob Fosse's direction is as chaotic as it was in his previous *Sweet Charity*, a desperate scramble after a style. The musical numbers by John Kander and Fred Ebb are diluted Kurt Weill and far too numerous. The actors, however, are all good. Along with a chorus of sclerotic voluptuaries, Joel Grey as the Kit Kat M.C. puts the cabaret acts across with captivating vulgarity.

Liza Minnelli is a dazzling entertainer, which, ironically, makes her less than effective as Sally. It is impossible to believe, once Liza starts singing, that this is a girl doomed to spend her career belting out tunes in third-rate clubs. Her talents as a performer are simply too great for the part—and for the movie.

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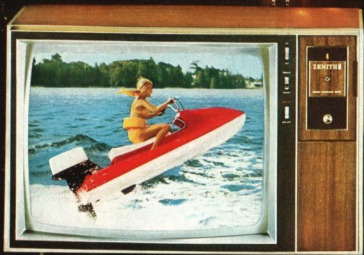
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